

LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC

Vol. XLIX--No. 21

LOS ANGELES, APRIL 22, 1916

PRICE TEN CENTS

SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY TRIBUTE

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied direct from The Graphic office. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic. Address

Publication Office: 114 E. Fourth St.
Telephone: Home A 4482.

Entered as second-class matter May 23, 1914, at the postoffice at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICAL COMMENT

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: :: Editor

OF ALL AGES AND ALL COUNTRIES

SHAKESPEARE is an ideal rather than an individual and as one of his commentators has said, his biography a pasture for poets and for dreamers always, with the personal equation ever to the fore. He was the product of a distinguished age, an age that yielded statesmen, warriors, divines, scholars, poets and philosophers whose fame has endured through three centuries. And the peer of them all is William Shakespeare, the tercentenary of whose death the civilized world is observing with special ceremonies at this time. But while he towered above his fellows, says Hazlitt, "in shape and gesture proudly eminent," one of a race of Elizabethan giants that included Raleigh, Drake, Coke, Hooker, Spenser, Sidney, Bacon, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher—all men of sterling attainments—posterity is agreed that he was the tallest, the strongest, the most graceful and beautiful of the "noble brood," acclaimed by William Hazlitt as of intellectual kin. If a student of Shakespeare were asked to epitomize in one word the chief characteristic of the Master Poet and Playwright he would answer—if he had read to any purpose—originality. It was Alexander Pope who thought that "if any author deserved the name of an original it was Shakespeare." He regarded the Stratford bard not so much as an imitator as an instrument of nature, pointing out that his characters are so much nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. He goes on to say that every single character in Shakespeare is as much an individual as those in life itself; it is impossible to find any two alike. Does not this fact explain their wonderful preservation? Pope believed that had all the speeches been printed without names one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker. Schlegel, the celebrated German poet and critic, who translated Shakespeare into his mother tongue, thought that never, perhaps, was there so comprehensive a talent for the delineation of character as Shakespeare's. He found it grasping the diversities of rank, sex and age, down to the dawning of infancy; causing the king and the beggar, the hero and the pick-pocket, the sage and the idiot to speak and act with equal truth. Adds the accomplished German critic, "Not only does he transport himself to distant ages and foreign nations, and portray in the most accurate manner, with only a few apparent violations of costume, the spirit of the ancient Romans, of the French in their wars with the English, of the English themselves; . . . his human characters have such depth and precision that they cannot be arranged under classes, and are inexhaustible, even in conception. This Prometheus not merely forms men, he opens the gates of the magical world of spirits; calls up the midnight ghost; exhibits before us his witches amidst their unhallowed mysteries; peoples the air with sportive fairies and sylphs, and these beings, existing only in imagination, possess such truth and constancy, that even when deformed monsters, like Caliban, he extorts the conviction that if there should be such beings they would so conduct themselves. In a word, as he carries with him the most fruitful and daring fancy into the kingdom of nature; on the other hand, he carries nature into the regions of fancy, lying beyond the confines of reality. We are lost in astonishment at seeing the extraordinary, the wonderful, and the unheard of, in such

intimate nearness." Fine appreciation that, revealing as it does a most sympathetic understanding of Shakespeare, and a comprehension of his characters denoting unusual philosophical acuteness. Here, then, are marshalled a few of the fundamental reasons for the faith which Anglo-Saxons have in Shakespeare. They explain why the great bard was not of an age, but, to quote Ben Jonson, "for all time," a phrase that has aided not a little to the attainment of rare old Ben's own immortality. His jealousy of Will Shakespeare in his lifetime was dissipated when death had removed his great rival and it is to Jonson's everlasting credit that he was big enough to testify to the incomparable genius of the actor-poet. What would we not have given to see Will Shakespeare in one of his own plays, say, as Henry V, making love to the fair Katherine of France? Or as Prince Hal in Henry IV, making gentle sport of the exuberant and witty Falstaff who, though liar, braggart, coward, and glutton never offends but delights. There is neither malice nor hypocrisy in Falstaff's unrestrained indulgences. Sir John assumes those favorite propensities as much to amuse others as



William Shakespeare (Chandos Portrait)

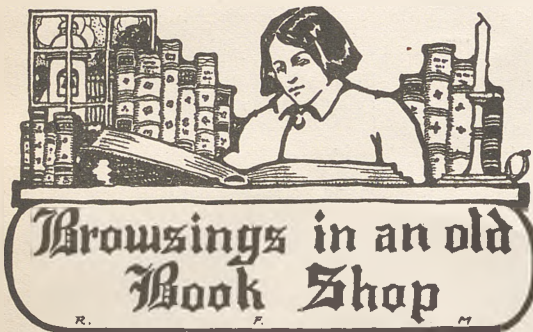
to gratify himself. Who has not chuckled over the stories of his imaginative valor, his reconciliation with Mrs. Quickly, who has arrested him for an old debt, and whom he persuades to pawn her plate for a further loan? Truly, as Hazlitt has commented, Shakespeare seems to have been all the characters, and in all the situations he describes. How impoverished were English literature were there no Shakespeare. Professor Dowden, most famous of nineteenth century Shakespearean students and critics, said: "If one academy of immortals, chosen from all ages, could be formed, there is no doubt that a plebiscite of the English-speaking peoples would send Shakespeare as their chief representative to that august assembly. He alone could speak on their behalf of life and its joys in the presence of Homer, of death and its mysteries in Dante's presence; he alone could respond to the wisdom of Goethe with a broader and sunnier wisdom; he alone could match the laughter of Moliere with a laughter as human and more divine." Funny little Samuel Pepys! In his fascinating diary he tells that he went to see "Midsummer Night's Dream," (September 29, 1662), "which I had never seen before nor ever shall again;

for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that I ever saw in my life." Henry VIII pleased him no better. As for the "Taming of the Shrew" he terms it "a silly play." When Davenant staged "Macbeth," with its interpolated music and dancing, he admits he liked it, which embroideries, apparently, were what saved the eight other plays produced by Sir William at that period. Shakespeare is caviare to many of Pepys' kind in this day and age, who prefer frivol and drivel to wit and philosophy, but there is no diminution of enthusiasm for Shakespeare although two hundred and fifty-four years have elapsed since finicky Samuel Pepys made those entries in his inimitable diary. Ben Jonson's verdict will stand.

IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY

ADMIRABLE in tone is the final note of the President on the submarine controversy, which may be regarded as an ultimatum to Berlin. In effect, the United States government gives notice to Germany that if her present mode of submarine warfare is continued it will be at the price of our friendship, since a severance of diplomatic relations will follow. That this will be the forerunner of more serious results is conceivable, but hardly probable. When Berlin finds that Uncle Sam is in earnest it is believed a cessation of the inhuman attacks on unarmed liners and merchant ships will be the reply of Germany whose unwise course in this respect has lost her the sympathy of all the neutral countries. President Wilson, with marked repression, advises Germany that the limit of patience has been reached by this government. While the case of the Sussex was the culminating aggression, it was by no means upon that incident alone that the present decision of the administration was based. Great liners like the Lusitania and Arabic and scores of smaller craft have been attacked without warning, often before they were aware of the enemy ship's presence, to the peril of all on board and, in specific instances, followed by the loss of the unarmed vessels together with the lives of many noncombatants, including women and children. In the name of humanity the United States, through its highest representative, says this reprehensible practice must stop. Mr. Wilson voices the sentiments of millions of his countrymen in telling Berlin that the decision reached by him is accompanied by the keenest regrets. "But," he continues, "we cannot forget that we are in some sort and by the force of circumstances the responsible spokesmen of the rights of humanity, and that we cannot remain silent while those rights seem in process of being swept utterly away in the maelstrom of this terrible war. We owe it to a due regard for our own rights as a nation, to our sense of duty as a representative of the rights of neutrals, the world over, and to a just conception of the rights of mankind, to take this stand now with the utmost solemnity and firmness." This, to our notion, is the crux of the argument, the true reason why the United States is impelled to the course it has taken. Unless the stand is made at this juncture and firmly adhered to there will be no limits to the barbaric mode of warfare adopted by the Germans to terrorize the enemy. Regardless of the sneering words of the Chicago Staats-Zeitung, which demands to know who constituted the President the spokesman of humanity, his course will be approved by many true Americans, and in that category, alas, those responsible for the utterances of the Chicago hyhenate, evidently, do not belong. A few more such expressions and federal interference with the disloyal remarks of the alien sheet were warranted. It would not be the first time a Chicago daily was so disciplined. But the Staats-Zeitung in nowise reflects the trend of opinion in this country which is overwhelmingly agreed that the demands of humanity make it necessary for the President to cease parleying. He has done all that was possible to bring the German government to a realizing sense of the enormity of its offenses and, failing the exercise of appeals to reason, a sterner method is the only recourse. The evidence gathered by the United States, in regard to the Sussex, supplemented by the admissions from Berlin, to which we adverted in these columns last week, leaves no reasonable doubt of the

culpability of the commander of the German submarine. That he should have been decorated for his dastardly conduct, the maiming and murdering of inoffensive neutrals, is repugnant to every soul that has a deep-seated regard for fair play. But it is no more than was to be expected of a government that also applauded the torpedoing of the Lusitania by decorating the submarine chief officer responsible for the ruthless act. The conundrum is, How can Berlin punish a commander whose moral turpitude it has publicly commended? The firm demand of the United States, with the alternative entailed by a refusal, seems to place Germany in a grim dilemma: She must either eat humble pie by acknowledging her sins and promising to amend her ways or, standing pat, take the consequences. Perhaps, the kaiser is anxious to precipitate trouble of the nature threatened; it may give stronger excuse for an ending of this miserable, and, to him, disappointing war.



WHAT more fitting at this tercentenary of Shakespeare's death than to turn to the celebrated first folio of 1623 as a subject for browsing? I never expect to be rich enough to own a first folio copy, but I hope to acquire a good reproduction in facsimile, such as, for instance, the one edited by Sidney Lee and reproduced from the Chatsworth copy in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. Issued in 1902 I am glad to notice in the list of subscribers half a dozen booklovers of Los Angeles are included. They comprise Messrs. Len Behymer, Robert J. Bulla, Isidore B. Dockweiler, C. C. Parker, and Miss Olive Percival. The Los Angeles Public Library likewise subscribed for a copy, as also did the late George A. Dobinson, whose treasured tome was recently acquired from his widow by the California Club for its library. It is that copy which is before me. Of added interest are the autographs on the flyleaves of men and women who have earned distinction on the American stage or as critics and poets. The first signature encountered is that of Edwin Booth, that great interpreter of Shakespearean characters. Others are Robert Bruce Mantell, Marie Booth Russell-Mantell, William Faversham, Julie Opp Faversham, Viola Allen, Walker Whiteside, Otis Skinner, Maude D. Skinner, James Neill, Edythe Chapman Neill, Margaret Anglin, Ralph Stuart, Charles B. Hanford, Beatrice M. Hackett, Marie Drofah (Mrs Hanford) Marshall Darrach, Gustave Frohman, Hortense Nielsen, Guy Bates Post, Alphonse James, Nellie McHenry, Virginia Wardour, Tommaso Salvini, Helena Modjeska, Kyrle Bellew, Frederick Warde, Norman Hackett, Eleanor Robson, Richard Mansfield, Louis James, Arthur Maude, Constance Crawley, Wallace Munro, Laurance D'Orsay, Hobart Bosworth, William H. Crane, Nat C. Goodwin, Lewis S. Stone, David Warfield, John Drew, Edmond Hayes, Laurette Taylor, Margaret Illington Bowes, Grace Carlyle, Wilton Lackaye, George W. Barnum, Florence Stone Ferris, Thomas Coffin Cooke, Thomas Ricketts, Mary Elizabeth Forbes, Vernon Spencer, Joseph Tonillo, Leonard Shepherd, Norval MacGregor, Nick Long, Ivalene Cotton Long, Ethel Laurens Dunn, Caryle Gillice, E. M. Holland, Chas. D. Herman, Henry Fearing and William Winter. It is a goodly list of notables. Mr. Winter, who is a poet as well as the dean of American dramatic critics has appended this quatrain:

There is not anything of earthly trial,
That ever Love deplored or Sorrow knew—
No glad fulfillment nor no sad denial.
Beyond the pictured truth that Shakespeare drew.

I hope the members of the California Club appreciate this prize which their discerning library committee has been able to gain for the club library. That many of the signatories have played their last character parts and have gone hence greatly enhances the interest in and value of this unique tome.

Sidney Lee's first folio facsimile was photographed in the Bodleian Library and printed at the Oxford University Press. One thousand copies of the facsimile were printed of which the Dobinson-California Club book is No. 559. It is signed by Sidney Lee in attestation. Just a word as to Sir Sidney Lee's fitness to edit such a work. Eminent English scholar and editor he was knighted in 1911 for his admirable labors in connection with the preparation of the "Dictionary of National Biography." In addition to the first folio editorship he published "Stratford-on-Avon from the Earliest Times to the Death of Shakespeare" (1884); a "Life of Shakespeare" (1898); "Elizabethan Sonnets" (1904); "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century" (1904); and "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage" (1906), besides much else bearing upon English literature. As may be seen he approached his great task well prepared and with a heart to the doing.

Responsibility for the first attempt to give the world a complete edition of Shakespeare's plays mainly lays with a syndicate consisting of William and Isaac Jagard, (father and son) printers, William Apsey and John Smithwick—or Smithweeke, as the first folio spells it—and Edward Blount of literary proclivities. John Heminge and Henry Condell furnished the "copy" which they obtained from the playhouse

archives. The latter furnished no capital. They disclaimed pecuniary advantage; they merely sought to facilitate an endeavor which they had been brought to believe would do honor to the memory of "so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare." Doubtless, it was the philanthropic resolve of these two former fellow players of Shakespeare that inspired Leonard Digges in 1623 to write

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works

which I have quoted in full elsewhere in this issue. It was the syndicate that undertook the financial burden and shared what profits that accrued. But no matter how sordid the incentive that it was done at all is the chief concern of posterity, when one considers that the greater part of the Elizabethan drama never found its way into print while much of what did get published was pirated and of imperfect, corrupt versions. The managers of Shakespeare's company, cherishing his memory and taking pride in their past association with him and his work were glad to give their consent to the printing of the plays they had received. The dramatist was dead, his vogue on the stage necessarily diminished, hence the customary objections of managers to the publishing of plays had lost force and the printing syndicate was not slow in pressing this point. Of the thirty-six plays appearing in this first folio only sixteen had been printed at earlier dates—fifteen in Shakespeare's lifetime and one, "Othello," posthumously. "Pericles," which was also issued in the author's lifetime, was excluded from the first folio, the right to publish it having been assigned by the author to Henry Gosson of Paternoster Row, who had produced two editions of the play in 1609. The title having passed to Pavier, a piratical publisher, in 1619, he issued it in a third quarto edition, along with "The True Contention," the obsolete version of the "Second Part of Henry VI." In 1623 Pavier still owned the copyright.

On the title page of the first folio, "Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories and Tragedies" were declared to be "Published according to the True Originall Copies." In the subtitle of the preliminary pages the actor managers say in their address to the readers, "It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthe to have bene wished, that the author himself had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; but since it hath bene ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you not to envie his friends, the office of their care and paine to have collected and published them." After warning the public against the corrupt quartos, "stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious imposters that exposed them," they said the plays they offered were the real thing, perfect as to finish, and absolute in their numbers as the author conceived them. "We have scarce received from him a blot in his papers," the actors added. Curious, that Sidney Lee failed to recall, in this connection, the statement of Ben Jonson, "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line."

There were 908 pages in the first folio, which was probably a large edition; as many as 600 copies were printed, thinks Mr. Lee, who has traced the existence of 156 copies of the volume as still extant. It is not the province of this browsing to dwell upon the many errors of pagination and text which the editor of the first folio reprint has so painstakingly set forth. Of interest is the statement that within nine years of publication, in 1632, the whole of the large edition of the first folio was exhausted and a new folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, known as the second folio was sent through the press, largely a reprint without amendment of the syntax employed in the 1623 edition. Two of the promoters of the first folio were interested in the succeeding one. A third folio was issued in 1663 and a fourth in 1673. In the nineteenth century the first folio was four times reproduced in facsimile, the first attempt in 1896, which occasionally has been mistaken for the original. The second (and considered the best) facsimile was issued by Lionel Booth at 307 Regent street in 1864, in three parts, in trustworthy typography. In 1866 came out a third large folio reproduction in facsimile by the then newly discovered process of photo-lithography. A fourth and much reduced photographic facsimile in octavo, published by Chatto and Windus, appeared in 1876, with an introduction by J. O. Halliwell-Phillips.

Mr. Lee's first folio reproduction in facsimile is from the Chatsworth copy, once the property of the great collector the Duke of Roxburghe. In this connection it is interesting to recall that the famous bibliophile, Thomas Frognall Dibdin, in his "Reminiscences of a Literary Life," tells us how Mr. George Nicol (bookseller to George III and agent for John Duke of Roxburghe) carried off the prize. His noble patron had charged him to get the copy at any cost. The biddings rose to twenty guineas—a great sum in those days. His Grace was in the room coolly viewing the contest. Nicol slipped him a note, suggesting he had better withdraw. The game Duke wrote back,

lay on, Macduff!

And d—d be he who first cries "hold, enough!"

Needless to say such a spirit was irresistible and bore down all opposition. The Duke was, of course, declared victor, and marched off triumphantly with the volume under his arm. He paid £35 thinks William Nicol, son of George. At the Roxburghe sale it fetched £100, the noted collector, Sir Mark M. Sykes, having bid as high as £80. The Duke of Devonshire, of Dibdin's reminiscence, "the most resolute, constant and princely purchaser of books, had just then come of age and in possession of a princely income. The present owner, is of course, a later holder of the title. It is in those same "Reminiscences" that Dr. Dibdin comments: "The wit of one age is not the wit of another. Rabelais is beginning to be loathed; and no Englishman of a well-ordered mind can read a second time the filth of Swift, or the equivocal of Sterne. It is Shakespeare alone that lives for all ages and all countries." S. T. C.

THOUGHTS ON THE INCOMPARABLE BARD

By B. R. Baumgardt

WHEN a nation has achieved independence by the expenditure of its own energy and blood, it receives in return an inestimable impulse for further progress, an impetus to advance in the direction of higher civilization. Thus, after the tremendous achievements of the wars with Persia, when the Greeks saved the nascent civilization of Europe, there followed quickly the golden age of Pericles, that fascinating and culminating epoch in Greek intellectual and artistic life. So, too, with Rome, when shortly after the completion of the conquest of the Mediterranean world, there followed the age of Augustus. How everlastingly true this principle is was demonstrated fifteen centuries later, when, after the overthrow of the "invincible" Spanish Armada, England entered upon her golden age of letters, the age of Shakespeare.

Nature is not prolific in her gifts of the highest types of human genius. But once in such an age she seems to crystallize all her endowments into one man of such superlative capacity, that he is able to assimilate within himself everything that is greatest in well-nigh every line of human activity. Men of such exalted genius become veritable landmarks in the intellectual development of the human race, "promontories jutting out into the ocean of infinity." Greece brought forth Pericles; Leonardo was the gift of Italy; England points with pride to her incomparable Shakespeare.

A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

This year sees the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's death. For, meager as are the details of his earthly pilgrimage, we know with an assurance of truth that he died April 23, 1616. This is more than we dare assert of his birth, of which we know the year, 1564, but are not certain of the day. The records of Holy Trinity Church at Stratford-on-Avon show that he was baptized April 26, and as it was the custom in those days to baptize infants when three days old, it is believed that Shakespeare was born April 23—the same day of the month in which he passed away fifty-two years later.

While it is true, as Emerson says, "that the only biographer of Shakespeare is Shakespeare, and that he reveals himself only to the Shakespeare within us," we are, after all, not without interesting details of the poet's life. We are fairly well acquainted with his early life at Stratford. Thanks to the painstaking investigations of Prof. C. W. Wallace, of the University of Nebraska, we also know something of the twenty years that Shakespeare passed as a playwright and actor in London. Wallace has patiently scrutinized the documents in the London Public Record Office covering the Shakespearean period, and has in this way brought to light many interesting facts. He succeeded where the English scholars for three hundred years have failed. The Shakespearean society had made inquiries in all directions, had advertised and offered rewards for missing facts, with, however, but indifferent success. It has been said that what has been garnered by this society could well find room on a single folio page, and amounts to nothing more than a few suits in which the poet was involved. It is interesting, however, to learn from these lawsuits that at the time the world's master-craftsman was writing Macbeth, he was suing Philip Rogers for the paltry sum of eight dollars, "for corn and malt delivered at diverse times."

Wallace's investigations have put us in closer touch with Shakespeare the man. We now know where he lived in London, with a Huguenot family named Mountjoy, on the dividing line between Cripplegate and Farringdon, and not far from the house of Ben Jonson and the Globe theater.

There is, however, one year in Shakespeare's London life that remains a blank. It has by many been supposed that this year, 1591, was the poet's "Wahnderjahr" abroad, in which time he may have visited Italy. To be sure there is not the slightest direct proof to this effect. The evidence is found in some of the plays that followed that year, "Romeo and Juliet," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Merchant of Venice." So perfect is the Italian setting of these plays that it is thought by many that they could not have been produced by anyone who had not actually been in Italy.

At the age of forty-seven, a comparatively wealthy man, Shakespeare retired to his native Stratford to pass the evening of life. It, surely, was a triumph for the youth, who, rumor says, had left Stratford in disgrace, to be able to return twenty-five years later and purchase from the Cloptons "New Place," the principal residence in Stratford, of which today, not a vestige remains, save the foundation. Yet, with what feelings of indescribable emotion the pilgrim at Stratford looks upon those stones. For it is certain that at New Place Shakespeare in 1611 wrote the most delightful of all his plays, "The Tempest," which through and through breathes with the farewell of the poet to the realm of poetic imagination in which for so long he had been the leading spirit. Prospero, the Magician, is Shakespeare himself when he speaks those wonderful lines of farewell:

When I have required some heavenly music,
Which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

Deeper than did ever plummet sound! Do we in these words read the reason why on the whole so little is known of the poet's life, yet so much about his mind. Was he so eminently great, that Socrates-like he realized his own limitations—how little finite man can know, how illimitable is the state of nescience? Was he, therefore, desirous that we should know him only through the plays; nothing of the man, the instrument that produced them? In "Antony and Cleopatra" Charmian asks the soothsayer: "Is't you, sir, that know things?" De we in the answer of the soothsayer read Shakespeare's thought: "In nature's infinite book of secrecy a little I can read."

As all the world knows, Shakespeare is not buried in

Westminster Abbey. In that great mausoleum of Anglo-Saxon greatness, which more than any other building in England conjures to the mind's eye the everlasting onward progress of Anglo-Saxon thought and civilization, we shall look in vain for the resting-place of him who sent his soul further into the infinite than has any man yet born. Perhaps, it is well so. Perhaps, it is as the great bard would have had it, that far from all the "boast of heraldry, the pomp of power" his last resting place should be in the quiet little village church at Stratford, surrounded by the graves of his wife and daughters. Over the spot there hovers a spirit as hushed as death itself, an emotion that takes possession of us through a sense of intuition. In silence we look down, realizing that before us lies all that was mortal of William Shakespeare.

There came a time when Holy Trinity needed repairs. While the work was proceeding in the chancel pavement a rift was accidentally made in Shakespeare's vault. Not without many misgivings the sexton looked in. He saw all that was there—a handful of dust.

LIFE ETERNAL AND MT. RUBIDOUX CROSS

By Alice Harriman

OF all the mountains in the world Mount Rubidoux, near Riverside, will be the one thought of by many thousands of people Easter morning. Not only will residents of Los Angeles, Pasadena, Riverside, and all of Southern California turn, in fact or in heart, to that cross-crowned summit as the moon pales before the Easter dawn; but other thousands in other lands and in different sections of our own country will remember this starlight climb to the Sunrise Service among the piled-up boulders.

For the Easter service on Mount Rubidoux has acquired far more than local recognition. Its non-sectarian appeal has carried it by tongue and pen to every corner of the globe, wherever a one time Riverside visitor may make his home. There the charm of the smiling valley is related; the uplifting calm of the cross on the lone mountain is recalled.

Everyone in California knows the peculiar formation of the country around Riverside. The great range of the San Bernardino mountains serves as a sounding board, as one might say, for all the music of mission bells, of birds and of choral out-of-door singing in the sun-lit valley of the Santa Ana. There the solitary upheaval of granite long ago named for Louis Rubidoux, one-time trapper, and later alcalde of San Bernardino district, heaves itself with inescapable notice. However one reaches Riverside Mount Rubidoux dominates the landscape—its towering symbol of death vanquished thrills with joy unspeakable.

The history of the Rubidoux Sunrise Easter Service, like the history of most things, goes back to far days and farther lands. Jacob Riis, good American that he was, often visited Riverside. On one of these occasions, he recalled a quaint old custom of his native Denmark. He then suggested that Mount Rubidoux be made something more than a mere historical landmark. He thought it should and could exercise a religious power in the community.

Thus was born this beautiful and uplifting pilgrimage which, from a scattering group of friends in 1909 grew to 12,000 in 1915; and which will probably increase to 20,000 in this year of our Lord, 1916.

But before this service of the open air grew into the present prominence a cross was set in place among the topmost boulders of Rubidoux by the Indians and Spaniards of the region in memory of the padres who first longed to enlighten and save the natives of the land. Rough-hewn and massive, this wooden cross is seen against the flawless blue as far as the eye can reach.

Ex-President Taft has spoken on that hillcrest and his eye moistened and his voice deepened with emotion while dedicating one of the two bronze tablets set into the everlasting granite. Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "God of the Open Air" gained new and even holier meaning by his rendition of it on Mount Rubidoux at the Easter Service in 1913. At his trying post of today, on the borderland of war, his eyes doubtless will turn introspective to Mount Rubidoux:

Glad to see the pilgrim in the lonely night,
For whom the hills of Haran, tier on tier,
Built up a secret stairway to the height
Where stars like angel eyes were shining clear,
From mountain peaks, in many a land and age,
Disciples of the Persian sage
Have hailed the rising sun and worshipped Thee.

This year's service will begin at 5:12, April 23, just as the sun follows its advance poignants of light flashing above the snow-silvered, purple-shadowed mountains in the east. As usual, the herald of dawn will be a cornet solo, to be followed by the united singing of "In the Cross of Christ I Glory." The hush after the Lord's Prayer will be an appropriate prelude to Scriptural responsive reading. The beloved Girl of the Golden West, of orange-crowned Riverside, Marcella Craft, will again sing as she has in years gone by. George Osborne, who in his mission play interpretation of Junipero Serra makes that beloved padre live again, will read Van Dyke's "God of the Open Air." In conclusion, the familiar hymn, "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy" will be sung and the triumphant Doxology, floating out on the clear mountain air will close the services.

But it will not close the door to memory. As we take up once more our daily tasks we will recall Van Dyke's prayer and breathe it every time we vision the touching dawn hour on Mount Rubidoux' crest:

Teach me how to confide, and live my life, and rest,
God of the open air!

In An April Tomb

O wondrous month of April when England is aglow,
Remembering her poet born in April long ago!
O wondrous month of April when England's all abloom
Yet weeps because her poet lies in an April tomb.

—LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD

RANDOM NOTES FROM GOTHAM

By Randolph Bartlett

WITH profound interest I contemplate Col Bretherton's attempts to convert the editor of The Graphic away from Wilsonism. May I offer reinforcements to his array of arguments? It is obvious that the only international complication that can confront this country in the next administration (for the Mexican situation is certain to be cleared before next March) is the Japanese question. Now Japan owes Colonel Roosevelt a debt of everlasting gratitude, for was it not the Colonel who persuaded Russia to make peace with Japan at a time when, if the war had continued for a few months, the Mikado would have been in for the grandest little licking in modern history? No one knows this now better than the Japanese themselves, with the present spectacle of the second-world fighting of the Czar's forces before them. Roosevelt, having eulached Russia out of an inevitable victory is persona grata in Tokyo, and can talk like a big brother to the Mikado. Moreover, who but Roosevelt can crack the whip at the heels of Hiram Johnson with the full approval of all California? The Honorable Theodore is as strong with the California Progressives as Hiram himself, and is the only man who can, from Washington, dictate to the California legislature with any prospect of success. This is the most important reason why he should be elected President, as he is certain to be, from present signs. [Strong language this, R. B.—Editor The Graphic.] Justice Hughes could get the Republican nomination away from him if he would fight, but, apparently, Mr. Hughes has adopted a certain attitude of Mr. Wilson's. He is too proud to fight.

I attended the mass meeting in Carnegie Hall at which the flying squadron of anti-preparedness speakers began the campaign which embraced a dozen eastern cities. Of all the flappedoodle, twaddle and inconsequential spellbinding I ever heard, this took the prize. I am open-minded on the question, or was until I heard these speeches, but I left the meeting converted to preparedness. The audience was openly socialistic, and had much less applause for the anti-preparedness talk than for certain labor speakers who devoted their time to denunciations of capital. The prize remark of the evening was a statement of Congressman Oscar Calloway of Texas, who said, "All of our ports are as strongly fortified as the Dardanelles." Another amusing feature was the voluble defense of "citizen soldiers" by all the speakers excepting the penultimate one, Amos Pinchot. The others had sung the praises of the militia, but Mr. Pinchot took occasion to object to a bill before the New York legislature providing compulsory summer camp training for schoolboys between the ages of fourteen and nineteen, observing that they would there be in charge of vulgar and ignorant militiamen who had not sufficient intelligence even to take care of their horses. I wonder if Mr. Pinchot was led aside and spoken to after the meeting.

I notice that a new school of poetry has arisen in which capital letters are no longer used at the beginning of the lines this is a wonderful idea and so logical that I cannot understand why no Milton or Tennyson has hit upon it previously obviously the reason for this is that when a sentence does not begin with the beginning of the line there is no sense in using a capital letter there quite right it would be just as logical to use a capital letter at the end of the line if you are going to do that sort of thing you should go to the logical conclusion and use a different kind of letter to mark the corresponding rhymes down with the capital letter say i while we are downing capitals and rhymes and rhythm let us down with capitals for names as well in this way we will do away with the necessity for the shift key on the typewriter and this should bring about a great decrease in cost of the machines there is no need for a capital letter at the beginning of the sentence for that matter and punctuation that too is ostentation all these absurd traditional and cumbersome decorations of literature must be abolished in order that the author may have free rein for his imagination the less machinery there is in writing the better the writing note the high literary quality of this paragraph as ultimate proof of the theory

Since writing the foregoing I have discovered a further evidence of the prevalence of this new cult, a high authority for its esthetic value. In Don Marquis' "Sun Dial" column in the Evening Sun, there have appeared recently contributions by what Marquis describes as "Archy, the vers libre cockroach." He explains that a cockroach of unusual intelligence had made his desk his home, and at night writes communications to him by the simple process of jumping upon the keys of the typewriter. Being unable to operate the shift key at the same time, there are no capitals. Here is the most recent of Archy's effusions:

why did you not wake me
i was asleep in the waste paper
basket while the fire was going on
well i have saved this building from
more than one fire but who will
give me credit for it only last week
i found a match on the floor and
chewed the stuff off the end so
it would not explode let that pipe
with the curved stem on your desk
alone freddy the rate i told you of
chews the stem nights archy.

Since many poets believe in reincarnation, is it not possible that Archy is the present embodiment of Milton or Theocritus, whose soul is taking this means of bringing the latest ideas in poetry before the world? It seems so to me.

When I was gossiping about the Los Angeles men I had met, in a recent letter to The Graphic, I forgot to mention that Lewis Stone has one ambition more consuming than any of his theatrical plans. This is to get a commission as an officer in the event that more men are required in the Mexico affair. Lew's prowess as a horseman and plainsman are not confined to his

excellent portrayals of leading roles in such plays as "The Squaw Man" and "The Virginian" and in such work as lies before the troops in Mexico his services would be of great value, especially as he is anxious to engage in it.

Your amusement at the Hearst horror over the Willard-Moran "brutal exhibition" is as nothing to the guffaws in Gotham. Right here on the ground the Journal and American did their best to work up interest in the engagement, right up to the day of the fight, and it was not until the following day, apparently, that the high ranking officers in the Hearst army discovered that there was to be a fight. Thereupon, a day late, they demanded that the exhibition should not be permitted. Hearst paid Willard \$50,000 for the exclusive rights to his articles on boxing, and the diary of his training, but, presumably, he finds this not inconsistent on the ground that everyone knows Willard is utterly incapable of writing a line of this stuff himself, and it is shrewdly guessed that all he did was to lend his name. Even New York, accustomed as it is to swallow whole the rankest hypocrisies and impositions foisted by publishers and politicians, howled with glee at the spectacle, and the other newspapers are not permitting the situation to pass without much comment. It is of a piece with the Hearst procedure in connection with the liquor business. The Journal accepted page after page of whiskey advertisements, all the while denouncing "booze" editorially.

In the merry war of the artists concerning the extreme modernity that seems to be renewing its vogue this year, there are few of the combatants with a sense of humor. Recently, however, Miss Frances Simpson Stevens was permitted to exhibit her futuristic canvases in the gallery of Braun & Co., an old and rather conservative firm of art dealers, and the following remarks by Philippe Ortiz, a member of the concern, as a preface to Miss Stevens' catalogue, are unique. They are headed, "Notice for Scandalized Persons:" [They are reprinted unedited.]

"Announcement that Messrs. Braun & Cie, are showing futurist paintings in their galleries will no doubt surprise many people. Some will wonder what prompted us to thus, apparently, abjure the principles of classicism for which our house is renowned in favor of a modernist movement which few in America have as yet had an opportunity to study and comprehend. But be calmed, astounded visitor.

"This firm who, for nearly a century, has propagated throughout the world the love of every known art treasure, felt always that their mission was to present to the public the result of all serious artistic efforts, and in the work of Miss Frances Simpson Stevens they saw but a sincere artistic manifestation worthy, as such, of attention at least.

"That Miss Stevens' pictures are a manifestation is unquestionable. That this manifestation is artistic is not necessarily our contention. We do not pretend to impose our opinion upon others. We do not even pretend to understand futurist pictures ourselves!

"Miss Stevens, in her preface to this leaflet, informs us that the pictures have color,—lots of it!—motion,—plenty of it! and that they bespeak life as it is today. To a very great extent we agree with her, though we may not approve of her thus reminding us of life's unattractiveness.

"We, therefore, disclaim any responsibility for the feelings, upon entering our galleries, of those who do not like color and are not overfond of motion. We solemnly promise not to attempt to convert them against their will.

"It will be the privilege of all to express their opinion as they see fit and to laugh most irreverently if it does them good. We won't mind, and Miss Stevens won't mind, either, for she has a remarkable sense of humor, besides she is a futurist. In other words, nothing could possibly disturb her poise. The pictures are here to be seen. Miss Stevens and a few learned friends are here to enlighten those who are not afraid of a somewhat difficult operation. Therefore, come in, stay and study."

New York, April 17, 1916.

The Secret

What is Nature's formula
When she makes a poet
Such as Shakespeare was. And, ah!
If we did but know it
By what subtle alchemy
Was that spirit captured,
Which for many a century
Holds the world enraptured.
Did the years accumulate
With a careful leisure,
And a choice deliberate
All that splendid treasure?
As from trees, whose roots in earth
Deep are sunk and hidden;
Leaf and blossom spring to birth,
Lavishly, unbidden;
Thus the soul of Shakespeare drew
From the world its story,
Ever new and ever true—
An immortal glory.

—GERTRUDE DARLOW

Shakespeare

O, Shakespeare, borne in April when our new world
was young,
Three centuries your praises with love and joy have
sung.
And since Death came to part you from a world you
had endowed
We love to think that springtime and April wove your
shroud.
As they have smiled with weeping through all these
vanished years
We lay upon your April bier our wreath of smiles
and tears.

—LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD

Tributes to the Master Poet

Collated by S. T. C.

FIFTY years after Will Shakespeare had been laid away in Holy Trinity Church, Stratford, John Crowe, an early English dramatist, in his prologue to Henry VI wrote:

Today we bring old gathered herbs, 'tis true,
But such as in sweet Shakespeare's garden grew;
And all his plants immortal you esteem—
Your mouths are never out of taste with him.

Here I present a few herbs of adulation from poets of English-speaking countries, from Shakespeare's time to this day and age. It is fitting, at the double anniversary of the great bard's birth and death, that the notable tributes to his genius should be recalled. Surely, Ben Johnson was inspired when he expressed his belief in Shakespeare's immortality in these famous lines:

He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our cares, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus now not please;
But antiquated, and deserted lie
As they were not of nature's family.

How can one entertain doubts as to Shakespeare's right of authorship after reading Ben Jonson's "confessional," if I may so term the essay in which he paid belated tribute to the Master Mind. Said he: "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, 'Would he had blotted a thousand!' which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted, and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with the facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. . . . His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." In the noble poem "To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakespeare," a portion of which is quoted above, Jonson rather discloses by his opening line that envy did at one time exist in his bosom:

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor muse can praise too much
Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear.
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth thou Star of poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like
night
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

Seven years after Shakespeare's death we find the minor poets of his time following in Jonson's train and laying their wreaths on the tomb of the honored dead. Thus Leonard Digges, grandson of a famous English mathematician, in 1623 wrote [when the first folio appeared]:

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb, thy name must, when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages: when posterity
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare; every line, each verse
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.

Away back in 1630, just seven years later than Digges, blind John Milton wrote:

What need my Shakespeare or his honored bones—
The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a starry-pointed pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a lasting monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

In the prologue to Thomas Betterton's sequel to Henry IV., which latter is generally regarded as "an unhallowed outrage on Shakespeare," in which, however, the seventeenth century appears to have been prolific, the actor, a member of Sir William Davenant's Lincoln's Inn Theater Company, in 1661, makes the admission:

Shakespeare who gave our English stage its birth,
Here makes a medley scene of war and mirth.
He knew his countrymen's free spirit best.
We laugh in earnest—but ne'er fight in jest.
Now he in easy scenes of nature charms,
And now your hearts with martial fury warms!
Proving that rival nations must submit
To English courage—as to English wit.

William Basse, an English poet, who although born much later, was contemporary with the great dramatist, is best known for his "Epitaph on Shakespeare." It was for a long time attributed to John Donne, another

English poet contemporary with Shakespeare, born nine years after and surviving the master by fifteen years. It reads:

Under this carved marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone;
Thy unmolested peace, unshared cave,
Possess as lord, not tenant of the grave,
That unto us and others it may be
Honor hereafter to be laid by thee.

It is curious that Basse should so closely copy the thought expressed by Ben Jonson, as the second quotation above will reveal, as to write:

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.

In 1677-78 popular John Dryden, abandoning his rhymed tragedies declared, in the preface to his "All for Love," "In my style I have professed to imitate the divine Shakespeare, which that I might perform freely, I have disencumbered myself from rhyme, not that I condemn my former way, but that it is more proper to my present purpose. In another place we find Dryden glorying in the great bard's matchless genius in this wise:

Shakespeare, who, taught by none, did first impart
To Fletcher wit, to laboring Jonson art;
He monarch-like gave those his subjects law,
And is that nature which they paint and draw. . . .
But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar wits allow,
Which works by magic supernatural things;
But Shakespeare's power is sacred as a king's.

George Lillo, an English dramatist, who was born seventy-seven years after Shakespeare had surrendered his mortality, in a prologue to a play called "Marina," which was really an adaptation from "Pericles," is found apologizing for the task. It must be remembered that the majority of Shakespeare's editors acquit him of the charge of constructing this drama, although it is believed he had a hand in it. Thus Lillo:

We dare not charge the whole unequal play
Of Pericles on him; yet let us say,
As gold though mixed with baser matter shines
So do his bright inimitable lines
Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguished stand
As show he touched them with no sparing hand.

Hugh Holland is not a familiar name to students of English literature, but his tribute to the Stratford poet is genuine and worth quoting. Like Jonson, he too, deplores the drooping stage, consequent upon Shakespeare's death. He bids—

Those hands which you so clapped, go now and wring,
You Britons brave; for done are Shakespeare's days.
His days are done, that made such dainty plays,
Which made the globe of heaven and earth to ring.
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,
Turned all to tears, and Phoebus clouds his rays;
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,
Which crowned him poet first, then poets' king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made, would scarce make one to this;
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death's public tiring-house) the Nuncius is.
For, though his line of life went soon about
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

Thomas Bancroft, who appears to have been a fervent admirer of the poet of Avon, in 1639 addressed this quatrain to Shakespeare:

Thy muses sugared dainties seem to us
Like the famed apples of old Tantalus:
For we (admirers) see and hear the strains
But none I see or hear those sweets attains.

That quaint expression, "grave's tiring room," used in the poem by "I. M." (James Mabbe), is almost the same as that employed by Hugh Holland, who flourished about the same time. He, it will be seen, referred to the grave as "Death's public tiring house." Thus, "I. M.":

We wondered, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room.
We thought thee dead, but thy printed worth,
Tells thy spectators that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die and live, to act a second part
That's but an exit of mortality:
This, a re-entrance to a plaudity.

Altogether anonymous is a tribute published in 1639, addressed to "Mr. William Shakespeare." It is an ingenuous admission:

Shakespeare, we must be silent in thy praise,
'Cause our encomium will but blast thy bays,
Which Envy could not, that thou didst so well
Let thine own histories prove thy chronicle.

That William Hayley, an English poet of the eighteenth century, entertained no doubts as to the commanding genius of Shakespeare is proved by these lines credited to his pen:

When mighty Shakespeare to thy judging eye
Presents that magic glass, whose ample round
Reflects each figure in creations bound,
And pours, in floods of supernatural light,
Fancy's bright beings on the charmed sight—
This chief enchanter of the willing breast,
Will teach thee all the magic he possessed,
Placed in his circle, mark in colors true
Each brilliant being that he calls to view;
Wrapt in the gloomy storm, or robed in light,
His weird sister or his fairy sprite,
Boldly o'erleaping, in the great design,
The bounds of nature, with a guide divine.

Thomas Gray, who is best remembered for his famous "Elegy," in addition to many other poems, has two great odes to his credit in one of which, the "Progress of Poesy," occur these notable lines:

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's daring laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face; the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
"This pencil take," she said, "whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year:

Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

That the nature poet, William Wordsworth, placed faith in the authorship of the sonnets justly attributed to Shakespeare is evidenced by his own sonnet, crediting the great bard with the unlocking of his heart by means of this key. Its opening lines should have place in this galaxy of tributes:

Scorn not the sonnet: Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its great honors; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound.

Hartley Coleridge, son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and known as the sensitive, shy poet has written "To Shakespeare":

Great poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart,
Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

That erratic genius, Walter Savage Landor, so much admired by Swinburne, is among the English poets to lay laurels on Shakespeare's memory. He wrote:

Shakespeare with majesty benign called up
The obedient classics from their marble seat,
And led them through dim glen and sheeny glade,
And over precipices, over seas
Unknown to mariners, to palaces
High-arched, to festival, to dance, to joust,
And gave them golden spur and visor barred,
And steeds that Phidias had turned pale to see.

It is fitting that Algernon Swinburne's tribute should follow that of Landor's. It is a noble sonnet, worthy the mellifluous pen of the Victorian poet:

Not if men's tongues and angels all in one
Spake, might the word be said that might speak Thee.
Streams, winds, woods, flowers, fields, mountains, yea,
The sea,
What power is in them all to praise the sun?
His praise is this,—he can be praised of none.
Man, woman, child, praise God for him; but he
Exults not to be worshipped, but to be.
He is; and, being, beholds his work well done,
All joy, all glory, all sorrow, all strength, all mirth
Are his: without him, dry were night on earth.
Time knows not his from time's own period.
All lutes, all harps, all viols, all flutes, all lyres
Fall dumb before him ere one string inspires.
All stars are angels; but the sun is God.

From Matthew Arnold, the poet of sweetness and light, whose scholarly criticisms no less than his poetry have so enriched the English world of literature, in a sonnet of great power adds his voice to the paean of praises all England has sung since Shakespeare lived and died:

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still.
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality:
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguessed at.—Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs, which bow,
Find their sole speech on that victorious brow.

With George Meredith's noble efforts conclude these tributes from Shakespeare's countrymen:

Thy greatest knew thee, Mother Earth; unsoured
He knew thy sons. He probed from hell to hell
Of human passions, but of love deflowered
His wisdom was not, for he knew thee well.
Thence came the honeyed corner at his lips,
The conquering smile wherein his spirit sails
Calm as the God who the white sea-wave sails,
Yet full of speech and interlarding tales,
Close mirrors of us: thence had he the laugh
We feel in thine: broad as ten thousand beves
At pasture! thence thy songs, that winnow chaff
From grain, bid sick Philosophy's last leaves
Whirl, if they have no response—they enforced
To fatten Earth when from her son divorced.

America has not been at all loth to swell the mighty diapason of song. It is fitting that to the foregoing should be added at least two individual expressions. Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote:

Seethed in mists of Penmanmawr,
Taught by Plinlimmon's Druid power,
England's genius filled all measure
Of heart and soul, of strength and pleasure,
Gave to the mind its emperor,
And life was larger than before;
Nor segment centuries could hit
Orbit and sun of Shakespeare's wit.
The men who lived with him became
Poets, for the air was fame.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, perhaps the most graceful of all American poets, who by this time may have found opportunity to exchange personal views with the mighty departed, is the author of this pretty conceit:

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge, his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was.
The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal part to high and low,
All this they saw or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!
The doublet's modest grey or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.
Yet 'twas the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomp and strains
Are moldered, half remembered things—
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns.

In the light of so much adulation, so much mental prostration of the great poets and writers that have had their day since Shakespeare bloomed and left a fragrance never to be effaced, small wonder if we moderns imbibe the notion, almost unconsciously, that he was a more than human who lived and wrote and made his name immortal.

Shakespeare in Song and Sonnet

By Marguerite Wilkinson

Young Poet to Shakespeare

Master, we are most humble, whose young lips
Caress the words to which your lips gave worth,
Echoing frolic japes and saucy quips,
The hearty plainsong of a people's mirth;
We are most humble, echoing once again
Your fluent passion's cry, your tragic power
Of splendid pain in all the hurts of men,
Your delicate joy in every darling flower;
O sweetest master, you have made us shy
By the mad miracle of your lyric speech
Carolled from sea to sea and sky to sky
The soul of all the singing world to reach.
Yea, for ourselves the heart in us is bowed,
But your brave speech is ours, and we are proud!

IN April of the year 1564, in the town of Stratford-on-Avon, was born the greatest of all English poets, the master of the English speech. His ancestors, a doughty and robustious crew, one of whom had the distinction of being hanged for robbery, are said to have won the family name by prowess in wielding the spear in battle. The vigor of these virile forbears must have been in the blood of the poet and in his invincible imagination, so that he understood all the battles that men must fight—and most of life is enforced battle, is it not?—and also those other battles which men fight for sheer love of fighting.

By birth he was neither churl nor aristocrat. His blood had not been thinned and weakened by generations of humiliating poverty, his mind had not been melted away by the heats of luxury and snobbery. And as he grew up in years and stature he grew upward from the simple tasks of the butcher's assistant and the holder of horses outside the theater into the towering achievements of controlled intellect and wizard imagination. Therefore, he probably did not find it necessary to do what is sometimes done by would-be poets of today—to make an excursion into the slums in order to get the stimulating shock of what is pathological in any civilization and suppose that then and then only he was "seeing life!" Ah no! Master William Shakespeare was in such close touch with all the normal life of his times, with the vulgar humor of the healthy, simple men and women that he knew, and with their aspirations and ideals, also, with their problems and their motives and their great desires that he would never have set a premium on any one phase of existence, he would never have said of any dreary death in life, "Here is life!" Wherefore, he came to know the whole range of humanity and accepted all heartily. He wrought into the fabric of his work all men's varied questioning with fate. He created Caliban and Ariel, the monster and the sprite, but finer and sweeter than the monster, more colorful and fleshly than the sprite were the "merry wives" and Rosalind, and Portia and Romeo and Juliet. In such folk we find ourselves, and in them will generations of children yet to be find themselves and that which is of their own souls.

Shakespeare was born, as we were told in college, in an age made great by discovery and experiment, by bold piracies and bolder dreams. It was an age of poetic experiment. And he did not rest content with classic traditions and the past as always, in all times, certain conservative temperaments suppose poets ought to do. He tried all the experiments that his contemporaries were trying and frowned on no innovations. And it came to pass that he wrote greater dramas than Marlowe and greater lyrics than Robert Herrick, and greater sonnets than Sir Philip Sidney. He did not specialize and write only one kind of poetry in one way so that all his work might be of fine type and quality and acquire a greater market value for that reason—which is what certain editors prefer to have poets do today. He held aloof from no new effort that might contribute to his power. He disdained no new thing which might enhance the value of his own work.

On the other hand, although the other poets of his time were his friends and admirers and called him "sweet Shakespeare," there is no record to the effect that Shakespeare founded any "school." He did not glorify new methods of craftsmanship by making a cult of them and seeking to extirpate other poets who did not "belong." He was greater than any school, radical or conservative, in his time or in ours, simply because he was always going to school to nature and to life.

Shakespeare's poetry, moreover, was always close to hearts and minds of other mortals. It was well-fleshed and warm blooded. But it was also live-souled. Shakespeare seems to have had little fear of the boggy of certain moderns, the fear of becoming vague, or "inartistic" by alluding to the human soul, or by describing spiritual qualities in people. He evidently thought that it was as poetic to mention the complexion of a lady's temper as the complexion of her cheek; that the color of her conscience was no whit less artistic than the color of her petticoat. And strange as it may seem there is a little lyric that has been loved and said and sung for many years which is built up almost entirely of spiritual qualities, and is called "Silvia."

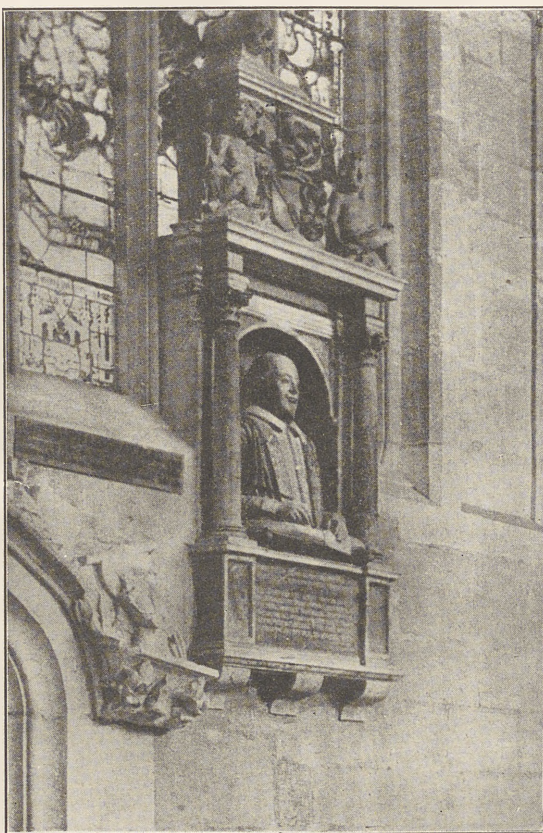
Who is Silvia? What is she?
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

This is only one of many poems by Shakespeare that seem to indicate that spiritual as well as physical

qualities can be named in poetry because they are both parts of manhood and womanhood. As ethics and philosophy, also, have a part in life, the master seems to have thought that they might be included in poetry without loss or damage. He realized, of course, that trite, stupid, insincere and conventional moralizing would bore the world in front of the stage. How keenly he must have realized it as he faced his audience night after night speaking the speech "trippingly on the tongue!" And he never weighed down the butterfly wings of his perfect lyrics with the prosy little pebbles of moral musing. His lyrics were pure song. But so cunningly did he weave ethics and philosophy into the tissue of his dramas that no one ever wearies of his preachments who is not already somewhat weary of the idealism and aspiration of the race. He did not fearfully "descend into ethics." Probably, he was not self-conscious about it at all nor greatly concerned with any of the kind of theorizing that has been rife since his time. He simply spoke the whole heart of mankind as he knew it—not merely his own personal emotions and the pictures made for him by his senses. And



Bust of Shakespeare in Holy Trinity Church

certain passages of this so-called "ethical poetry" seem to me to be rather good poetry after all. Take for example this passage from the "Merchant of Venice:"

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;

And to the fact that he was nearly and really concerned in spiritual matters Shakespeare's poetry owes much of the depth and breadth of its appeal. It gives not only vista but vision, not only an image but an imagined outlook, a suggestive stimulus that thrills us as mere picturing never can. In the following passage from the love-making of Lorenzo and Jessica the sense impressions are good but the spiritual suggestiveness is even better and makes old lovers remember the time when it seemed possible to tread the trackless skies with one another, because life looked always up and on and out:

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdst,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.
Such harmony is in immortal souls.

Shakespeare is seldom criticized, however, for a certain quality in which a number of our best poets share today, and for which they are quite frequently criticized, the quality of roughness, frankness, and bluff vulgarity of wit, the elemental eloquence of common folk. Masefield was criticized for bringing this thing into "The Everlasting Mercy" although it was appropriate to his theme and his characters and not dragged in for sensational effect. And Joyce Kilmer will probably be criticized for letting it creep into his poem—his good poem "The Ashman" recently published in Contemporary Verse. Shakespeare often shows a child-like delight in the process of "calling names" or letting his characters do it for him, which is not polite at all. And yet it is of the essence of poetry just as it is of the essence of life, for it is a vivid realization of qualities and a vivid expression of them in language. Such passages as the following are amply illustrative of what I mean and there is no doubt that many people hear them repeated on the stage with glee, the more because they would not permit their own tongues a

like vulgar liberty. Says the steward to Kent in King Lear, "What dost thou take me for?" And Kent answers:

A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats, a base proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a glass-gazing superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave—

And that is not all. It is only a part of what Kent says. The fact that Shakespeare could magically transmute the plainest and simplest of human stuff into real lyrical beauty is another thing which should endear him to poets today, for that is what many of them are trying to do. Wordsworth, in spite of the fact that this was one of his ideals, never achieved quite so much in verse of this character as Shakespeare achieved in this poem. The homely details of the composition are perfect:

When icicles hang on the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk come frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit!

To-whit!—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit!

To-whit! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Only the unbounded versatility of great genius makes it possible for a man to write poems like this, and dramas like Hamlet and King Lear, full of powerful actuality, and yet to write also the exquisite fairy lyrics of Ariel—

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
These are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them—
Ding-dong, bell!

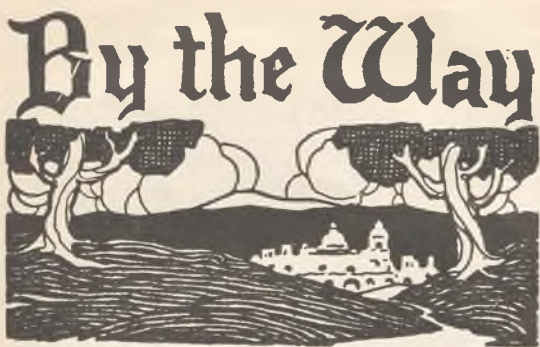
The childlike lightness and grace of rhythm, the use of refrains that are chiefly valuable for euphony and abandon, and a certain deftness in the revelation of emotion so that we are not pressed hard by it but only touch the feeling softly as it rides past in the air like thistle down—these things characterize the well beloved lyrics of William Shakespeare and are evidenced in "It Was a Lover and His Lass:"

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lover love the spring.
Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folk would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lover love the spring.
This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lover love the spring.
And, therefore, take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lover love the spring.

Of the sonnets and the new sonnet form which Shakespeare created, and of the themes immortalized thereby so much has been said that it would be bootless to attempt more save by taking the subject home to heart and mind for a long brooding season. It should be enough to quote, and I quote the first which is one of everybody's favorites:

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Once when I was quite a young girl I met a clever woman writer whom I had admired very much. She spoke of meeting Ellen Terry and of the many friendships of the great actress. With young enthusiasm I remarked, "That is what it is to be great!" Quickly, and rather sharply I thought, the clever woman replied, "That is what it is to be charming!" Since those days I have understood what she meant. Charm brings many friendships, Greatness does not necessarily bring them. And yet, in every age, greatness is rare and much more needed than charm. The great mind, controlling tremendous forces of imagination and emotion and directing these forces into the channels of creation—surely, this is a thing more worthy of young enthusiasm than charm, charming as it is. Surely, I was not altogether wrong in honoring Ellen Terry chiefly because she was great!



As Tyrone Power Views Shakespeare

There is, possibly, no more distinguished living actor of Shakespeare than Tyrone Power, who has recently become a Los Angeleno and who is to give us a taste of his quality at the Mason week after next, in a preliminary season which I hope may be but the forerunner of a regular California stock company that will rival the famous one of early days in the west, when Edwin Booth, McCullough and others were regarded as Californians because of their connection with the old-time San Francisco aggregation. With my Shakespeare number in my mind, I asked Mr. Power, the other day, his opinion of the great bard as a dramatist and received this spirited reply: "Shakespeare is the greatest of all dramatists, as forceful today as in the age for which he wrote. He appeals to all hearts, all understandings. Shakespeare, it must be realized, was not merely a 'classic dramatist.' He was an actor and manager as well as a writer and his consummate mastery of the theater was due to this all-around training. With a knock upon a door, the hoot of an owl in a tree, he can move the emotions as the modern dramatist cannot with all the great, complicated machinery of the stage of today at his command. Shakespeare is as comprehensible to the person in a cheap gallery seat as those who sit in more fashionable sections of a house. But we must get rid of this idea that he and the worthy men who have followed him, are 'high-brow,' that because they are called 'classic' they are covered with dust." Tyrone Power believes that in the west, particularly in California, is the spot where the revival of interest in Shakespeare as a great, living force on the stage, is most likely to come. "You are living in a new land, under the finest sunshine in the world, full of the vibrations which such surroundings must give you. A great people always demand a great drama. If you can but throw aside the mask of materialism—that is what I think it is, just a mask—California will become the art center of America. But when materialism comes in, art flees. From the preliminary support which I have received here it seems to me that Los Angeles is hungry for the better things in drama and I believe, eventually, we will be able to establish here a theater which will be famous throughout the world. Better than that, it may be united with the efforts now making to install opera here and the two together would create that much greater thing, an institution." On his own account Mr. Power will contribute to the nation-wide ovation to the bard of Avon by giving three Shakespearean performances in the course of his engagement. While "The Servant in the House" has been chosen by Mr. Power for his return to the legitimate stage, the demand for his public appearance in the Shakespearean roles so agreed with his own desires that he decided to devote three performances to a composite program. Mr. Power, instead of presenting any one play in its entirety, will give the dagger scene from Macbeth, the garden scene from Julius Caesar, and the last act of Othello. Verses to bind the different acts together and fashioned after the manner of the Greek chorus have been written by Willie Winter, whose biography of Mr. Power is one of the most entertaining bits of personal writing I have recently encountered.

"Jim" Foley's Activities

From Los Angeles around the world to India has traveled James W. Foley's beautiful poem "The Man of Galilee" which I had the honor of first introducing to the world several years ago through The Graphic. I am told the poem has recently been republished in India. It has always been given an honored place upon the reading programs of its author in his appearances in this vicinity and elsewhere. Jimmy Foley is still with us here in California, and North Dakota, I hope, will not have sufficient lure to coax him back again. He has been much entertained hereabouts and has appeared a number of times at semi-public affairs, at one of which, in Arcadia recently, I had the pleasure of hearing him once again. In his off-platform hours he is collaborating with Mrs. Robert J. Burdette on a memoir of the gifted poet and gentle humorist. This summer he is to fill an engagement at Chautauqua and has also promised Mrs. Coonley Ward to visit her at Wyoming, New York, and add to the summer program's joyousness.

Harris Newmark's Memoirs

It was a cause of great sorrow not alone to the family of Harris Newmark but also to his many admirers that the reminiscences of this pioneer Los Angeles merchant, upon the preparation of which he had been engaged for several years prior to his death, could not have been completed and put in book form before the passing of this unusually fine character. The memoirs are, however, to be brought out by Harris Newmark's sons, I am told, in the near future and they will form a distinct addition to the literature of early Los Angeles.

Artist-Writer of Notable Talent

Out of the recent poetry contest of the Women's Press Club, financial benefit has come to at least one of the entrants. When, as one of the judges, I read a bit of children's verse submitted by talented Inez Townsend Tribet, the artist-writer wife of W. E. Tribet, once of my Evening News staff and for several years past court reporter of the Times, I remarked to Miss Rose Ellerbe,

another of the judges, that while Mrs. Tribet's poems did not seem suitable for the contest they were worthy of publication and should be saleable. Acting on my suggestion Mrs. Tribet submitted one, "A Story of Aches," which she also illustrated, to Little Folks Magazine, and it was promptly accepted. Another of Mrs. Tribet's children's verses is, I hear, to be published in the May number of St. Nicholas and several have recently appeared in the Boys and Girls' Magazine of the Philadelphia North American. I remember that once during the existence of the Evening News Mrs. Tribet, not then the experienced artist she has since become, sent in to me several cartoons. She tells me she found these old offerings the other day and agrees with my earlier verdict that they were "fearfully and wonderfully made."

Local Sir Oracle in Art

No more shall the Rising Sun rise in Los Angeles shop windows. Police Judge White has added his bit to our reputation for "chemical purity." The justice does not go far as to pronounce the Venus de Milo or Diana immoral, he found the weight of precedent against him, but as the Rising Sun is masculine in gender and does not bear the stamp of approval from past ages he felt it within his province in ruling that nude art may be art when it is also feminine, but when it becomes as masculine as the Rising Sun it must not be bartered and sold in Los Angeles. Therefore, any pictures of that beautiful piece of statuary which was the crowning glory of one of the exposition palaces at San Francisco, must be regarded with suspicion. "In galleries or homes the Rising Sun is a suitable and desirable work of art," says Judge White, "but for public distribution I believe the effect upon the average person would be undesirable." What a class of degenerates must walk our streets!

"Billy" Dodd's Muse at Work

Walt Mason better look to his laurels. Los Angeles has, in the person of "Billy" Dodd, a promising rival for the bard of Emporia. Billy's invitation to the Annual Spring Poet Dinner of the Uplifters of the Los Angeles Athletic Club is such an inspiration for aspiring poets that I print it in full herewith: Dear Brother Uplifter: I hereby declare that our next Monthly Feed will be quite an affair. Indeed, it's a winner (or else I'm a sinner!) because it's announced as Our Spring Poets' Dinner. On this grand occasion by dint of persuasion (remember we tolerate no weak evasion) a poem is due from each one—meaning You—to be read at the banquet; the thing must be new, not stereotyped, not copied or swiped, but a lay you can say you're the first one that's piped. I propose, as it's spring, that you gallantly sing of ladies and love, or of any such thing; and so coax your muse in expounding your views that your dainty effusion the boys will enthuse. I greatly prefer—and I hope you concur—that these poems be clean, with no malice or slur that might give offense to a member or guest, though a well pointed jest will but add to its zest. Don't say that "you can't," don't crawl or rant that your muse is decayed, retrograde or passant; there isn't an Uplifter living who won't—if you give him a chance—do a neat little stunt. Evolving a rhyme requires but time, a bit of gray matter, a courage sublime; these common requirements are all that you need, and presto! the deed is accomplished with speed. You may be a king like the great Maeterlinck; but I hope you are not, for 'twould drive us to drink. No one will expect all your lines to connect, or object if your "feet" do not track quite correct; so be a good scout and whatever you turn out will please all your Uplifter friends, without doubt. Some poets, they say, a price have to pay for printing their verses but that's not our way. A book we shall print from our Uplifters' mint of all these poems—take this as a hint—and yours will appear in a type big and clear and your family will treasure it year after year, while all your descendants by heart will surely know it and swear that Dear Gran'pa was truly "some poet." Permit me to state that this is the date: April 26, so come to the fete; don't be missing or late. Six-thirty's the hour we begin to devour the eats that P. Peipers upon us will shower. Now, friend, Do come through; pay heed to this prod and I will be grateful. Yours truly, BILL DODD.

Aviator Adams' Farewell Dinner

Porter Hartwell Adams, the unassuming, gentlemanly but none the less spectacular youth from Boston who upon his arrival in Los Angeles a few months ago allowed reporters to drag from him the information that he came here to learn to fly, in order to make an aeroplane trip around the world, has left Los Angeles, en route to El Paso, where he intends to offer his services to Gen. Funston as an army aviator. His departure was the occasion for a dinner which the young Boston millionaire, (or is he a multi-millionaire?) gave at the Alexandria and in which the figure thirteen played a part. Adams' guests were to be largely from among friends he has made in the Glenn Martin flying camp since his arrival in Los Angeles, men who are not afraid of air pockets but dodge hoodoos. Knowing their superstitions, Adams announced that he had invited thirteen guests to his dinner, which with himself as host, would make fourteen at the table. It would have been better if he had not sought thus to reassure his prospective guests. Immediately, the fear arose that someone would be absent and what aviator would consent to join in a dinner with thirteen at the table? When failure for the party was threatened by this temperamental attitude, J. J. Bohanan, assistant secretary of the Alexandria who has become a personal friend of Adams, volunteered to stay away, if it so happened that only twelve other persons were present. His sacrifice, however, was not required as one of Martin's flyers was unable to be present and another invited guest, James King Steele of San Francisco, did not arrive in time. After the guests had assembled Bohanan poked his head inside the door, saw but eleven of the fourteen chairs occupied, slipped in, locked the door and the festivities proper to a farewell began. By the way, I hear that when Porter Adams first came here he was

the object of considerable discussion, opinion differing as to whether he was an adventurer or the prepossessing lad of means he seemed. He was extremely reticent about his family connections. Eleanor Sears, the famous sportswoman, it was who set him right in the eyes of gossip, when one day she met him in the Alexandria lobby and cheerfully called out "Why, hello, Porter, what are you doing here?" To be recognized by Eleanor was prima facie evidence of social standing. No doubt, however, had existed among members of the local elect to whom Adams brought letters of introduction.

Stewart Walker's Portmanteau Theater

Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley Ward, poet and essayist, now in Los Angeles, thinks that we were Shakespeare here today he would rejoice in what Mr. Stuart Walker of New York is doing with his Portmanteau Theater to bring back Shakespearean "simplicity of stage setting, sincerity of action, sympathy between audience and actors, and deep poetic spirit throughout his dramatic work. His plays all breathe happiness for he opposes the hideous game of war with his darling little game of joy, and the world playing it, may take heart of hope and love."

Getting Rid of a Bugbear

My congratulations to President Frank P. Flint and his fellow directors of the Los Angeles Investment Company upon their successful labors toward a re-financing of that corporation. The excellent plan which has been followed in straightening out the affairs of this concern and putting it back on a firm foundation is, I believe, the greatest of the many services which former Senator Flint has rendered to Los Angeles, for the investment company stock is so widely held and its destinies affect so large a portion of the residents of the community that this work has been nothing short of a public service. To arrange for the retirement of the old twelve per cent gold notes of the company by issuing, through a subsidiary corporation, six per cent bonds on the vast acreage held by the Los Angeles Investment Company just at the city limits, was nothing short of a stroke of business genius. These twelve per cent notes have been the bugbear of the reorganized board of directors and their retirement should hasten restoration of public confidence in the corporation.

Honors for U. of S. C. Alumnus

Friends of that popular alumnus of the University of Southern California, Richard Ainslie Kirchhoffer, will be interested to learn that this talented young man is to be ordained to the diaconate in Christ Church, Oswego, N. Y., by the bishop coadjutor of central New York, Rt. Rev. Charles Fiske, D. D. The ordination will take place next Tuesday, April 25, which is St. Mark's day.

Honor Justly Conferred

I was glad to see that Dr. Walter Lindley was invited to address the Southern California Alumni Association of the University of Michigan at its weekly meeting Wednesday as he is especially fitted to discuss the subject on which he spoke, "Shakespeare and Shakespeare's Family." Not only is Dr. Lindley the possessor of one of the best private Shakespearean libraries in California, but he knows it thoroughly and his studious discourse must have been a delight to those lucky enough to hear it.

Mt. Rubidoux at Dawn

The mocking birds are singing in the eucalyptus tops: It is early in the morning, and the fog is everywhere; The sounds of nature's wakening come to us tunelessly All softly muffled by the misty air.

The cottontails are hopping in the barley by the road; Behind a bush the clucking quail are bunched about to fly;

The liquid, melting melody of happy meadowlarks Like silvery bubbles floats along the sky.

The "ragged robin" roses spill their nectar on the grass Before the robber bees, who love the sun, are out of bed;

While sleepy poppies wait to pour libations to their lord, When in the East he rears his radiant head.

The shimmering, emerald laces of the queenly pepper tree

Are strewn with dewy pearls and fringed with flakes of scarlet flame;

While the orange, dark and lustrous, in her robes of green and gold,

Hath sent through all the earth this valley's name.

The golden-dusted mustard pours its fragrance down the hill,

To where, in marshy tule beds, the noisy blackbirds throng;

The jangle of the cattle bells comes faintly from below Where the lazy Santa Ana winds along.

How sweet the button sage's breath upon the quiet air, How fresh and clean the odor from the haunting, whispering pines:

While spread in wild profusion, where the gray old boulders cling,

The splendor of the morning-glory vines!

But now the fog is ebbing fast along Jurupa's hills, As over San Jacinto gleam the banners of the sun: Far up on foot-worn Rubidoux a shining cross appears, The symbol that the earth's long night is done.

—FRANCIS S. BORTON

Sea Song

Fly by, seagulls, high,
With flashing wings, now black, now white.
Shine sun, till day is done,
While waves dash in all green and bright.
Rest, tired heart, and find content,
Great peace to you this day has lent.

—CONSTANCE PRAEGER FOX

Music

By W. Francis Gates

WHAT the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra has done in the way of education was shown by the size of the audience which greeted the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch, at Trinity auditorium, last Tuesday night. About two thousand were in the audience and heard the program with closest attention and enjoyment. As is true of any orchestra in which the men are held to this work only, have ample practice together and an experienced and masterful leader, the playing was marked by the most enjoyable exactness, no ragged edges, uncertain entrances or falling out of step. With each player sufficiently a master of his instrument and all dominated by a musical master, an ensemble was obtained that made this concert the most delightful one of the season. Mr. Damrosch was here with the Metropolitan Opera Company about fifteen years ago, as its conductor of German opera. He has grown stouter, more florid and gray, but he still wields the baton with dignity. No postures or meaningless gesticulations mar his conducting; he is reserved in motion, yet varied in results.

Tschaikowsky's Fifth symphony was the principal offering on this program. No better choice could have been made as the work had not been played here for quite a time, making it welcome. The main beauty of this symphony is in its first movement, in which the great powers of Tschaikowsky's orchestral development are shown, development not only of contrapuntal style but of tone color. The beauties of artistic syncopation also are demonstrated in a great measure. The second movement has as its strong points the unison melody of the strings and the immense climax which is worked up near the close, in itself a piece of writing to mark the master. The last movement is, so to speak, noisier than the first, possibly more popular, but musically not quite so interesting. The symphony was followed by selections from Mr. Damrosch's incidental music to "Iphigenia in Aulis," music he wrote for the Anglin performance at Berkeley. It was characteristic of the scenes in which it was originally placed, at times delicate, and always interesting, and presented several solo performers.

In the appearance of a gray-haired, heavy faced man at the piano, I could hardly visualize in him the slender lad in knee-breeches that I saw trotting out onto the stage in Boston, nearly twenty-seven years ago. Yet it was the same—then Josef Hofmann the prodigy, now the celebrated artist. He played with the orchestra the Rubinstein concerto in G and gave it a tempestuous performance that would have delighted his teacher, the composer. The work is one for virtuosic display, not so replete with the tonal shadings and temperamental oddities that mark concertos of later writers. It calls for a great technic rather than a pianist of sentiment, though Hofmann is both. Naturally, his playing elicited a storm of enthusiasm. It came in the unusual place of last on the program. The audience refused to move, however, until three numbers were added, from Rubinstein, Mendelssohn and Rachmaninoff, solos without orchestra.

Mrs. Ruth Deardorff Shaw undertook an heroic task Thursday night of last week, in her piano recital at Trinity auditorium, which was to present a list of "modern" program music. As Mrs. Shaw didn't write the music, she is not to blame for its style or construction. The one question in considering her performance is as to the adequacy of her pianistic equipment. The matter of modern cacophonics being music is another thing entirely. One not only needs heroism but technic and enthusiasm to perform Baton, Scott, and Debussy—and Mrs. Shaw has all of these. In fact, she has so good a piano equipment that it is a pity to waste it on "music" that is striving to be something else than music—that is trying to do what painting and poetry have a prior, and should have exclusive, right to. After this music a player must come back to Schumann and Chopin and Liszt with a feeling of wading in clear sparkling waters after fording a turgid, muddy stream—that is, pro-

viding the taste for real music has not become blunted by the vague strivings of the "something different."

Nor can one find fault with the make-up of such a program. It is well to know what is going on in the world. I would even go to hear an Ornstein recital—at his worst. And, if you are interested, turn back in your file of The Graphic and read the account of Ornstein's playing, as presented by Randolph Bartlett, which was so good that I copied it into the April Music Student (with proper credit). It is well for the musician to "try anything once," not to condemn a style or a school or a composer unheard. So it is well to hear a capable performer like Mrs. Shaw play these things of the cubist order. Then one can cast them aside for that which is real music—as Mrs. Shaw did when she played a number from our own scholarly Waldo Chase and another from MacBowell.

Cecil Fanning's song recital at Trinity Auditorium Monday evening, April 24, will close the local season of music. The program to be interpreted by Mr. Fanning, whose exceptional baritone voice it is always a pleasure to hear, with H. B. Turpin at the piano, will be one of the most satisfying of the year. These two men have worked together for fourteen years, Fanning first as pupil and Turpin as teacher, and later as co-stars. The former's technical methods are excellent and his interpretations musical. He seeks the spirit of the song, endeavoring to give the mood and sentiment a definite and sympathetic expression. Particularly is his diction to be praised. Another feature of moment about the programs of the Fanning recitals is that the author of the words of any song is always noted. The program for Monday night is interesting in its entirety, perhaps particularly so in the third group, the "War Trilogy," written by Gertrude Ross, the Los Angeles composer, with poem by Corinne D. Dodge, a local writer. The program follows:

Epoch-making periods of opera: Air from Richard Coeur de Lion (1784), Gretry; Introduction, Act III, Tannhauser (1845), Wagner; Air from Herodiade (1881), Massenet; Du bist die Ruh, (Ruchert), Schubert; Auftrage, Schumann; Springtide, Grieg; Der Erikobig (Goethe); Loewe; A War Trilogy (Corinne D. Dodge), (a) War, (b) A Babe's First Cry, (c) Peace, Gertrude Ross. Folk Songs: Le petite Bois d'Amour, Old French; Le Cycle du Vin (by request), Old French; Would God I were the Tender Apple Blossom, Old Irish; The Keys of Heaven (Dance Song), Old English; The Sands of Dee (Kingsley), Frederick Clay; A Fairy Love Song (Ella Higginson), Charles Willaby; The Last Leaf (Oliver Wendell Holmes); Sidney Homer; March Call (written by Mr. Fanning). Francesco DeLeone.

In the program of the Brahms quintet last Friday and Saturday at Blanchard hall, were included a Tschaikowsky trio, a Martucci piano quintet and Debussy songs presented by Mrs. Bertha Vaughn, with Archibald Sessions at the piano. While the playing of the quintet was marked by the same finish that has been its predominant characteristic, the selections were not particularly fortunate in certain respects. The Tschaikowsky trio, played by Messrs. Seiling, Simonsen and Grunn, in spite of the more limited orchestration, was much more interesting than the Martucci quintet. There showed the difference between a first rate composer and a second rate. The theme and variations of the trio have many beautiful moments and the grand variation idea is carried out with all the skill of the great Russian. Personally, I would have enjoyed more relative prominence of the strings over the piano. Martucci was a celebrated pianist of the last half century, in Naples and Bologna, and was prominent among the Italian composers of serious music. But this quintet does not present him as being strong either on musical logic or sustained interest. There are a few passages in the first movement that are of interest largely because of the tone coloring coming from the capable hands of the performers, rather than from any marked interest in the structure of the music. The scherzo is of much more attractiveness than the two movements preceding. It has more real music, more distinct idea, and somewhat makes amends for the vague wanderings of the first movement. Mrs. Vaughn was not

Mr. William Shakespeare

of London, England, begs to announce that he will be in Los Angeles for a term beginning May fifth. Those desiring to study singing (foundation or repertoire) with him should apply for particulars to his studio, 436 Grand View (one-half block north of Westlake Park), or to Mr. Thilo Becker, 431 South Alvarado.

¶ It is advisable to make lesson reservations prior to May seventh by call or mail.

RUTH H

DEARDORFF-SHAW

The Western Pianist

Available for Modern Recitals
Limited season on the Pacific Coast

Personal Representative
J. D. Shaw, 227 Security Building, Los Angeles

RUDOLPH BRAND

Violin School

431 S. Van Ness Ave. Phone 56521
Circular on Request.

KARL BRONSON

TEACHER OF VOICE

Director Music First M. E. Church, Vocal Study Club, Wednesday Morning Choral School of Opera, 204-6 Blanchard Bldg. Music Study Club, Long Beach, Los Angeles, Cal.

ARCHIBALD SESSIONS

Organist and Pianist
Studio, 110 Blanchard Hall
Organist and Choirmaster
Christ Church

well suited in the Debussy songs—and this is a compliment to her. When a man writes a song he calls "green" and expects one to see green—or is it sea green—when it is heard, he is more likely to see red. Debussy has written some beautiful things; but all is not beautiful because it has the name Debussy attached to it. The Duparc "Chanson Triste" is much more musical and consequently the singer was more at home in it. After all, the root idea of song is melody, and real melody has an element of logic in it. The next concert of the quintet is set for May 12.

When the Symphony Orchestra plays a program for the pupils of the public schools it really is fulfilling its most educational function. In Minneapolis, such programs are given every Saturday, I am told, and the result is that the city is growing rapidly in musical appreciation. Last week, 3,000 Los Angeles pupils of the upper grammar grades heard Mr. Tandler's orchestra and one of the most valued features—one which might well be presented to the general public—was a parade of the individual instruments before the audience, with solos on them and remarks on their characteristics and possibilities. Added to this Clifford Lott sang the treader's song from "Carmen" and the "Erl King" of Schubert. Truly, the hearers were to be congratulated as was Miss Catherine Stone, supervisor of music in the grade schools.

It is interesting in this Shakespeare anniversary to announce that at the solicitation of a number of his former students, William Shakespeare, the London singing master who has been visiting in Southern California for the last two months, will accept a limited number of students in singing at his Los Angeles residence studio, 436 Grand View. Mr. Shakespeare will begin his work here May 5. His presence will give vocalists a great opportunity for study as he is the most celebrated English instructor in song. Of his pupils best known in Los Angeles are David Bispham, Clifford Lott and J. B. Poulin. Mr. Shakespeare does not confine himself to advanced repertoire alone, but delights in teaching the correct foundation of voice production.

Sibelius' Symphony No. 1 in E minor will be repeated for the closing concert in the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra season at Trinity May 5 and 6. This will be the concluding concert of the nineteenth season for this orchestra. The orchestra has played a series of out-of-town engagements, including Pasadena and Pomona, and there have been five popular concerts, in addition to one for school children. In every instance the orchestra has met with approval and the work of Adolf Tandler as conductor has been especially praised. For the coming concert a new suite from his pen, "California Sketches," will have its premiere. Those who remember the almost insurmountable spirit of several of the earlier compositions of Tandler's will anticipate with interest this later and more finished composition.

Exhibition by

ANNA S. HILLS

at

Kanst Art Gallery

854 South Hill St.

April 17 to April 29

NATHAN BENTZ & CO.

COLLECTOR OF

Rare Antique Chinese Porcelains,
Japanese Brocades, Prints, Netsuke,
etc.

213 W. FOURTH ST.
Tel. A 4836 Los Angeles, Cal.
Visitors Always Welcome



Shop of Things Interesting
and Ornamental
Gifts for All Occasions

O'HARA & LIVERMORE

253 East Colorado Street
Pasadena

Interior Decorators and
House Furnishers.



MABEL WATSON

PHOTOGRAPHER
OF CHILDREN

Sittings by Appointment
249 E. Colorado St., Pasadena



Raymond C. Gould

Fine Arts

Interior Decorating
324 West Fifth Street
Los Angeles

Harvard School (Military)

The Coast School for Boys
Sixteenth Year Opened September 21
Accredited West Point and all Eastern
Universities. Finest Equipment.
Rt. Rev. J. H. Johnson (Bishop Episcopal
Diocese) President of the Board
Western Avenue at Sixteenth Street
Home 72147 Write for catalogue.

Cummock School of Expression

All phases of literary interpretation and
expression—Story Telling, Dramatic
Art, Public Speaking, Art, Music.
Write for complete catalogue. Martha
C. Weaver, A. M., Director, 1500 South
Figueria Street, Los Angeles. (Cum-
mock's Academy in connection—all us-
ual high school subjects; sub-prepara-
tory dept.)

Westlake School for Girls

616 South Alvarado

Resident and Day Pupils. Accredited
to Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Mt. Holy-
oke, Stanford and the University of
California.

JUNIOR COLLEGE COURSES

Miss de Laguna, Miss Vance, Principals

Wilshire School for Girls

624 South Normandie Avenue

Day Pupils Only. All Departments.
New Building. Outdoor Study.
Eurythmics.

Miss I. C. Pirret, Principal.
Home 56689

Girls' Collegiate School

Adams and Hoover Streets
Sub-Freshman, Academic, Post Gradu-
ate Courses. Accredited at all
Colleges East and West
Special Courses in Music, Art, Business
and Household Economics.
New Building for Resident Pupils
Miss Parsons Miss Dennen Principals

Another Los Angeles musician will re-
turn to her own next Thursday, when
Mabel Channell, the pianist, will be
heard at Trinity Auditorium. This artist
has been studying for the last four years
in Europe and New York under Ru-
dolph Ganz, perfecting herself as vir-
tuoso and teacher.

Cheaters

By Robert O. Foote

YOUTH—feminine youth in distress—bids fair to make Maude Fulton's first play, "The Brat," which had its premiere at the Morosco Theater Sunday with the author in the title role, as great a success as that other Morosco winner, "Peg o' My Heart." Not that the two are alike. There is a kindred idea but Maude Fulton, whose personal metamorphosis from a vaudeville dancer to an actress-playwright is as surprisingly successful as is her first effort at dramatic composition, can hardly be accused of having borrowed either her plot or her central character from the earlier hit, so dissimilar are they. But it is the same appeal in "The Brat" as that in "Peg" which is likely to make of this latest Los Angeles production another sensation of the state. It is upon cleanly, wholesome human nature that Miss Fulton has built, in a story not so remarkable for its novelty as for its clever handling as a bit of dramatic writing and especially for its sure-fire acting possibilities. "The Brat" herself is intensely human. A product of the slums, she is driven by hunger to attempt street-

pitch, but she succeeds admirably, except, perhaps, for a little too sudden transformation of the cold, hard-hearted writer in the final scene. It is when Steve, the ne'er-do-well, announces his intention of starting for the west, where he knows he can live a manly life, that the Brat suddenly comes to a realization it is this outcast, so like herself, that she loves instead of the self-sufficient novelist she has imagined will one day marry her. As the Brat Miss Fulton gives an impersonation of what may be called, if the expression will be allowed, sweet vulgarity, proving that roughness of language and actions does not always constitute the coarseness the fastidious are prone to suppose, provided it is but a shield for inner fineness. Her Brat is an understanding bit of work to which she brings the invaluable asset of knowing what its creator intended it should be. Physically, she is peculiarly adapted to it. Edmund Lowe has in the role of Steve, the black sheep, a part which it might almost be supposed was written especially for him, so well does it fit. In it he does the best work of his career, so far as Los Angeles knows, and if "The



OTIS SKINNER IN "COCK O' THE WALK" AT MASON

walking and the first man she accosts proves to be a novelist—who is a reporter rather than a creator and who needs a person of just her type as a character in his latest book. In order to study her he leads her to his cheerless home to put her under charge of his mother, a selfish, aspiring society woman whose entire affections are centered in this novelist son, to the total exclusion of his younger brother, a youth of good intentions, hungry for love but inclined to look upon wine when it is red, white or green. The Brat arrives in time to see the disgracing of this younger son by his mother and brother and with the ready sympathy of the street rushes to his rescue, boldly assisting him up the stairs the novelist has told him he must climb alone or sleep on the floor. With this climax for her first act, it would seem that Miss Fulton has undertaken a task to keep suspense at the same high

Brat" goes to New York surely this young man is entitled to his "chance on Broadway" in this character which he interprets so well. Wyndham Standing, a new member of the Morosco company, is an actor of polish. For those who were slightly disappointed with the first appearance of Corabelle Bonnie, last week, there is a pleasant surprise in her excellent work as Angela Smythe, the debutante who snares this novelist, proud of his understanding of women. Mention must be made of the butler of James Corrigan, a delicious bit most ably acted. The scene in which the butler and the scapegoat son assist each other upstairs is intoxication raised to a high art, presented without creating the disgust usually occasioned by such episodes.

Orpheum's Good and So-So Spots War is a terrible thing. It is doing its full share in ruining the Orpheum bill

Miller's 842 So. Main St.

Fox Photoplays

Week Starting Monday, April 24th

William Farnum in "A Man of Sorrow"

A Marvelous Photodrama of Tremendous Situations

Added attraction:—Mutt & Jeff comedy and Hearst Vitagraph news

MASON OPERA HOUSE

BROADWAY
BET 1ST and 2ND

EASTER WEEK

Beginning Monday, April 24th. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Charles Frohman presents

OTIS SKINNER

In his Comedy Hit, "COCK O' THE WALK" by Henry Arthur Jones.
Evenings, 50c to \$2.00. Wed. Mat. Best Seats \$1.00. Sat. Mat. Best Seats \$1.50.

Coming Monday, May 1st **Mr. TYRONE POWER**

—In— **THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE** **SHAKESPEAREAN SCENES**

Wednesday and Saturday nights, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday
Thursday Matinee. nights, Wed. and Saturday Matinees.

PRICES—50c to \$1.50. Seat Sale Thursday, 9 a. m. Mail orders now.

SUPERBA THEATRE

518 So. Broadway

WEEK COMMENCING APRIL 24th

"THE LOVE MASK"

With beautiful

Cleo Ridgley

As a bold, bad bandit. Supported by Wallace Reid.

Shows 10:30, 12, 1:30, 3, 4:30, 6, 7:30, 9.

10-20-30c

MAJESTIC THEATER

Broadway Main 7005
Near 9th F1133

Afternoons at 2:15. Nights at 8:15.

Thos. H. Ince's Enormously Popular Cinema-Spectacle

CIVILIZATION

Prices: Nights, 75c, 50c and 25c. Matinees, 50c and 25c.

TRINITY AUDITORIUM

Grand at 9th

L. E. Behymer Presents

Monday
Evening
April
24th

Cecil Fanning

BARITONE

H. B. TURPIN, Accompanist

Last Song Recital of the Season—Students Rates

Prices
50c
75c
\$1.00

MOROSCO THEATRE

Broadway, Near Eighth Street
Phones: A-5343; Main 271

SECOND WEEK BEGINS WITH SUNDAY MATINEE

MAUD FULTON

In Her Own Play

"THE BRAT"

A WONDERFUL STORY OF YOUTH
First Time On Any Stage

Prices—Nights, 10c to 75c. Mats. 10c to 50c.

Orpheum

THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

Every Night at 8, 10-25-75c. Boxes \$1.
Matinee at 2 DAILY, 10-25-50c, boxes 75c.
Saturday and Holiday Mats. Night Prices.

CICCOLINI, European Tenor; GEORGE HOWELL & CO., "The Red Fox Trot"; WILLA HOLT WAKEFIELD, Lady of Optimism; CLARK & VERDI, Italian Comedians; RAY DOOLEY & CO., Conglomerate Vaudeville; LILLIAN KINGSBURY & CO., "The Coward"; EDW. MARSHALL, Chalkology; DESIREE LUBOWSKA, Impressionistic Dancer; Orchestral Concerts; Orpheum Travel Weekly; Pathe semi-weekly News Views.

WOODLEY THEATER

838 South Broadway
One Week Beginning Monday

LENORE ULRICH

in "The Heart of Paula"

Excellent Orchestra and Pipe Organ Music Shows Begin 11, 12:30, 2, 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8, 9:30



TALLY'S
Broadway
Theatre
833 South Broadway

WEEK COMMENCING APRIL 24

"Then I'll Come Back to You"

Featuring

ALICE BRADY

Quinn's Empress
SPRING BETWEEN THIRD
AND FOURTH

SECOND BIG WEEK FANNIE WARD IN

THE CHEAT

1000 Seats 10c
Loges 20c

this week. Lillian Kingsbury, an actress who manages to display abilities despite her vehicle, is appearing as the headline attraction of this week's program, in a conglomeration of sentimental balderdash anent the "sufferings and sacrifices" of women in war. The sketch is called "The Coward," and concerns a factory worker whose wife will not let him enlist despite his pleadings not to be put in the position of a shirker. Finally, to keep her husband from being drafted, the woman wounds him in his right hand—the playlet, of course, leaving unsolved the problem of how much better it is for her to have a disabled husband at home than to have an able-bodied one in the army. "The Coward" is merely a rehash of all the similar arguments which have been written since the world was plunged into the present great conflict, and is without the genius of handling which characterized "War Brides." Leighton Stark gives Miss Kingsbury excellent support, insofar as his role permits. Aside from the hold-overs, the best thing on this week's bill are two trick cyclists and a masculine singer. Valentine and Bell, who present the former act, are so clever that they make an old turn decidedly diverting. Ed Morton puts the popular swing into his songs and has the audience humming with him. The Sultanas, a mixed quartette, present "An Oriental Be-

is said to be an unusually good one, including Janet Dunbar, Enid Bennett, Luella Smith, Walter Gibbs, Walter E. Scott, John Tagers, Harry Dodd, Henry Crocker and Ernest A. Elton. A popular priced matinee will be given Wednesday, in addition to the usual matinee Saturday.

"The Brat" in Second Week

So great has been the demand for seats for Maude Fulton's "The Brat," in which the author is taking the leading role, that the Morosco Theater management has decided to continue the play for another week. An extended review of the production appears in another column of The Graphic.

Orpheum's After-Easter Offerings

Music and the dance will celebrate at the Orpheum next week the emergence of the world from its sackcloth and ashes and the bill opening Monday will consist almost wholly of merriment and artistic worth. It is headed by Ciccolini, the world famed Italian tenor, and by Desiree Lubowska, a danseuse of international fame. It is due to the war that the Orpheum is able to offer Ciccolini, whom San Francisco has called the tenor of the age. That he brings a musical treat is evident. Lubowska is one of the most sensational of dancers. Coming late in the craze, she has given it a new



THOMAS H. INCE, PRODUCER OF "CIVILIZATION," AT MAJESTIC

trothal," well sung, but, in view of its title, exceedingly tame. Fred Warren and Effie Conley have a song and dance act of no particular merit. Arthur Stone and Marion Hayes prove as diverting as last week in their "Green Goods" country rube turn. Gara Zora is, as before, the really bright light of the program, and Harry Green repeats his amusing farce, "Under the Cherry Tree."

"Cock o' the Walk" at the Mason

Otis Skinner, one of America's best-liked actors, will come to the Mason Opera House next week with the new comedy, "Cock o' the Walk," written especially for him by Henry Arthur Jones, the English playwright, in which he has scored one of the most pronounced hits of the present season. "Cock o' the Walk" is an amusing satire on stage conditions in London at the present time and provides Mr. Skinner with a part that fits his personality without a wrinkle. Anthony Bellchamber lacks the picturesque rags and dirt of Haji the beggar, in "Kismet," but he is no less interesting and amusing and, as Mr. Skinner presents him, no less imbued with the real spirit of romance. Bellchamber is an actor of the old school, a worshipper of Shakespeare, a Bohemian, bibulous, irresponsible, but lovable. His ambition is to play Othello at the Shakespeare tercentenary in London and a lucky chance gives him the opportunity. The supporting company

impetus. The dance as an attraction also is featured by George Howell and company in "The Red Fox Trot," but in this case it is satirized. Willa Holt Wakefield, vaudeville's feminist optimist, will be back with new songs and stories; as will be also Clark and Verdi, presenting Italian types. Miss Ray Dooley, with helpers, will give a vaudeville conglomerate and Edward Marshall will present a chalk talk. The only hold-over will be Lillian Kingsbury and company in "The Coward." The usual orchestral concerts; the Orpheum travel weekly in colors and the Pathe twice-a-week news views will complete the bill.

Offerings on the Screen

All the world is automobile crazy and a good share of the world, in Los Angeles, accordingly takes especial interest in "The Race," the photoplay which is the feature at the Superba this week, for it is founded on Anita King's much heralded transcontinental automobile trip of last summer and in it this charming Lasky girl appears, looking exceedingly fetching in her motor togs. She drives in a dare-devil manner which wins her audiences and the excitements attending this picture version of another transcontinental race, this time to save her film-father from prison, are sustained throughout a photoplay that is so tense one is willing to overlook the discrepancies of its plot. The pictures of the race, an accident at a broken bridge, an

"The Store with a Conscience"

F. B. Silverwood

Bdwy. at 6th

"No profit grows where is no pleasures ta'en; in brief, sir, study what you most affect."

---Shakespeare.

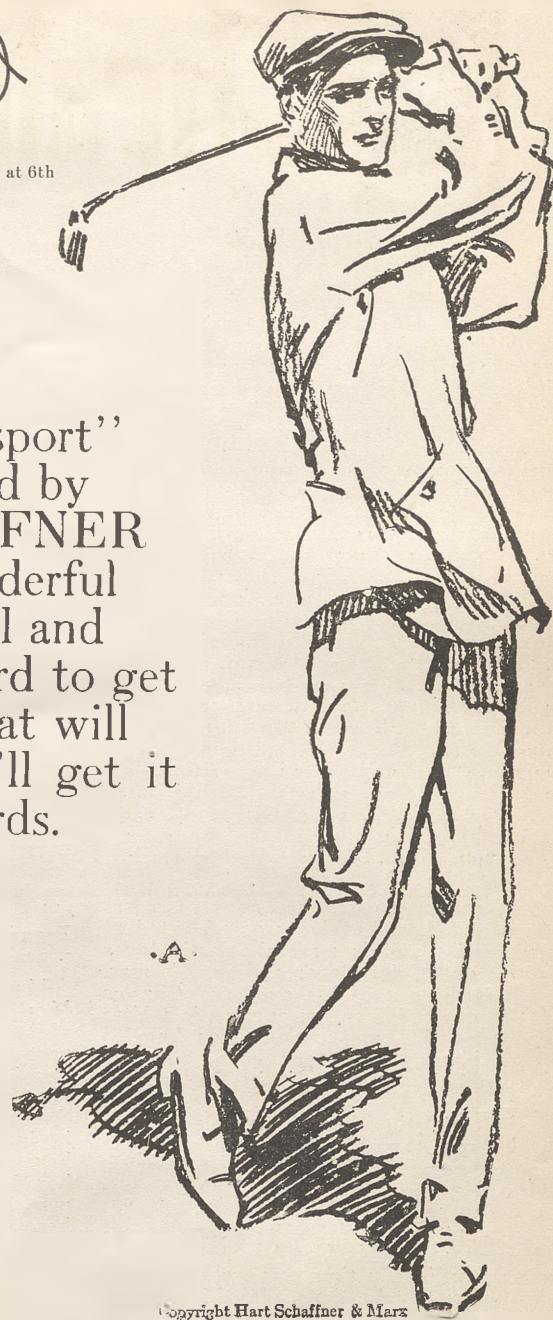
HERE'S a "sport" suit designed by **HART SCHAFFNER & MARX**---wonderful fabrics, pure wool and guaranteed. Hard to get an outing suit that will "hold up"---you'll get it here---\$18, upwards. Fit for all builds.

Soft collars of French Pique 50c.

New embroidered cravats, bow or fourinhands.

MANHATTAN silk shirts---late stripes.

We offer the largest belt selection in Southern California.



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

WALLIS DRAMATIC SCHOOL

GAMUT THEATER
1044 S Hope St. Main 3607

Presents M. Chalmers Fithian and Student Corps de Ballet in

"LE BALLET CLASSIQUE"

Spectacular Dance Production

Monday, April 24

8:15 p. m.

Tickets 50c-25c

artificial landslide and many similar features are extremely well done and throughout the photography is excellent. "The Race" furnishes a better dramatic vehicle for Miss King than for Victor Moore, who is seen in a rather serious role. Moore is one of the best comedians appearing before the camera and it is rather a disappointment that he is not given opportunity to awaken the risibles.

By her sincerity and naturalness, with her customary delightful acting which has become so expected that she is not always given the credit she deserves, Mary Pickford galvanizes life into the rather trite story, "The Eternal Grind," the latest Famous Players photoplay in which she is the feature at Woodley's this week. "Little Mary" is by turns pathetic and amusing, as the eldest of three sisters, factory workers who are overtaken by all manner of misfortunes common to fiction stories of that locale. But why is it that producers will not give us Mary Pickford oftener in pictures of a more fairylike and subtler touch, instead of insisting that she be always the child of sorrow and misfortune?

In "The Hand of Peril," the strongly melodramatic photoplay in which House Peters has been seen at Tally's Broadway this week, the director has introduced an innovation in the way of settings by photographing an entire cross section of a house, with action going on at the same time in the different rooms. The play, itself is characterized by the logical development which its author, Arthur Stringer, generally imparts to his work but it may be deemed almost too full of action, to the exclusion of any particular character drawing. House Peters, as a detective who is hot on the trail of a band of counterfeiters, acts with keenness.

No better idea ever was followed by the Fox corporation than when it dis-

A

DELIGHTFUL

AFTER-THEATRE

SUPPER for

\$1.00

Served nightly in the
Alexandria Grill

The a la carte service
will of course be continued as usual.

ALEXANDRIA

Hotel Company

Vernon Goodwin
Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Director
Spring St. at Fifth

played the good sense to cast blonde and fascinating Vivian Martin as a charming Norse girl in "A Modern Thelma," which is the current attraction at Miller's. The fair-haired girl and the snowy northland constitute a more perfect harmony of star and scene than is usually achieved. True the play has its weak moments, in the English portion of the story, but its snow scenes are among the most beautiful it has been my good fortune to see and the old Norse tale

(Continued on Page 13.)

Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke Stephens

INSTEAD of a wedding in the fall as was expected by the many friends of the young couple, Miss Clara Watson, the beautiful debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Richardson Staats of Pasadena has chosen Tuesday, April 25 as the date for her marriage to Mr. Robert G. Thomas. No definite date had been set for the wedding, although following the announcement of the betrothal at the leap year party given at the Midwick Country Club, it was believed that the nuptials would not take place until autumn. With the necessity of a trip east, however, Mr. Thomas has persuaded his attractive young fiancée into an earlier marriage. The wedding, for which invitations are informally issued, will take place at high noon Tuesday in All Saints Episcopal church, Pasadena, Rev. Leslie E. Learned, officiating. Miss Watson will have her sister, Miss Helen Staats, as her maid of honor and the utmost simplicity will characterize the wedding. Mr. Thomas will have as his best man, his brother, Mr. Charles Thomas, who will come down from Berkeley for the ceremony. The ushers will be Mr. Ted Wigton and Mr. Stuart O'Melveny. The bride elect who is one of the most popular of the younger society set both of Pasadena and Los Angeles, was educated at Briarcliffe, and is an enthusiastic lover of all out-of-door sports. Mr. Thomas, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Thomas of Western avenue, is a Yale graduate of '12 and came to Los Angeles from Kansas City four years ago, his family being prominent in the eastern city.

Following her long journey over seas and across the continent, from her home in Douglas, Isle of Man, to Los Angeles, Miss Margaret Mary Ridge, the attractive fiancée of Mr. Wilbur Bassett, well-known attorney, clubman and yacht enthusiast, arrived in Los Angeles Tuesday afternoon just in time to purchase a new trousseau to take the place of her wardrobe delayed en transit. But Cupid laughs at trifles just as he does at the proverbial locksmith, and the wedding, for which cards had been issued by the uncle and aunt of the bride-elect, Mr. and Mrs. White Smith of 619 Commonwealth avenue, took place that same evening. Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin of the Unitarian Church officiated. The bride, attired in white, wore a filmy tulle veil caught with orange blossoms and carried orchids and lilies of the valley. Her only attendant was her cousin, Miss Margaret Smith, whose gown was of pink taffeta. She carried an arm bouquet of pink rosebuds and maidenhair ferns.

One of the most enjoyable affairs of recent date was the large barbecue dinner given Sunday last by Mr. and Mrs. James A. Keeney at their picturesque rancho near Azusa. The dinner was served under the huge pepper trees near which the guests parked their machines. Mrs. Keeney was assisted by Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mrs. Willis H. Booth and Mrs. Horace Wing. Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Letchworth, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Storrow, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Travers Clover, Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Woolwine, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Woolwine, Mr. and Mrs. Forest Q. Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lacy, Mr. Elbert Wing, Mr. Willis H. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Booth and Miss Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chapman, Mr. Willoughby Rodman, Mrs. Kate S. Vosburg, Miss Inez Clark, Mr. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Boyle Workman, Mr. Sanborn, Mrs. E. B. Hildreth of Berkeley and Mrs. G. Wiley Wells.

Complimentary to Miss Marjorie Tufts whose marriage to Mr. Arthur Lusk Trowbridge will be one of the brilliant after-Easter events, Miss Beatrice Finlayson, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Frank Finlayson of 500 Gramercy Place entertained Thursday with a prettily appointed luncheon and bridge party. The decorations were in spring flowers, principally Easter lilies and yellow predominated in the color arrangement. Besides the guest of honor there were present Miss Mary Hughes, Miss Jane Richardson, Miss Anita Thomas, Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks, Mrs. Charles Nebeker, Miss Amy Busch, Miss Geraldine Frick

of Pasadena, Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Margaret Fleming and Miss Katherine Torrance. That same evening Miss Lois McWhirter entertained for Miss Tufts and her fiancé with a dinner party and Tuesday of next week a similar affair is planned for the young couple by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks. Miss Tufts' bridal party was recently announced and to the attendants have been added the following young men who will serve as ushers, Mr. Thomas Weeks Banks, Mr. Wells Morris and Mr. William Trowbridge. Mr. Gardiner Trowbridge, brother of the bridegroom, will come on from New York to serve as best man.

Miss Katherine Pratt, whose engagement to Mr. Mellon Chamberlain, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Chamberlain has been announced, has chosen May 3 as the date for her marriage. The wedding will probably be a simple home affair, taking place at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Mary Pratt.

Mrs. Frederick Braun and her attractive daughter, Miss June Braun, who have just returned from New York, are planning to leave soon for an extended trip to Honolulu. Mr. Braun will accompany his wife and daughter on the trip, which will be made soon after the graduation of Miss Braun from the Wilshire School for Girls. This fall Miss Braun will go east, where she will enter a prominent finishing school for a term.

Mrs. Robert Farquhar, daughter of Mrs. John P. Jones, has returned after a visit in the east of several months. A part of her time was passed there with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McMonnies, the former the famous European sculptor. It will be interesting news to the many friends here of Mrs. McMonnies that she and her distinguished husband plan to come west in July. Undoubtedly, their sojourn here will be the occasion for many brilliant as well as informal affairs given in their honor. Mrs. John P. Jones has deferred her projected visit east in order to entertain her daughter and son-in-law.

Felicitations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Joy Clark upon the arrival this week of a young son and heir, who will be named Joy Clark, Jr. This is the second child to gladden the Clark home. Rejoicing with Mr. and Mrs. Clark are the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini Wood, this being their first grandson.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murphy returned home the first of the week from New York, where they enjoyed a stay of six weeks. In the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, their charming young daughter, Miss Bernadine Murphy, and her aunt Miss Sue Sinnott, visited in the Ojai Valley.

In honor of their son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Beckett, the latter formerly Miss Evelyn Kellner, Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Beckett of 2218 Harvard Boulevard will entertain with a large reception, Friday evening, April 28. The date will celebrate the first anniversary of the marriage of the young couple, which was a brilliant social event of the year. About two hundred invitations have been issued for the event.

Mrs. West Hughes of West Twenty-third street was hostess recently at a delightful luncheon, spring flowers and ferns being used in the attractive decorations. Guests included Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter, Mrs. Norman Bridge, Mrs. W. D. Woolwine, Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mrs. John T. Moore, Mrs. George F. Beveridge, Mrs. John R. Haynes, Mrs. Richard Moore, Bishop Mrs. Samuel Storrow, Mrs. Walter Lindley and Mrs. Murray Innes.

Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. John Milner of 7 Berkeley Square upon the arrival Saturday last of a young son. The little laddie will be named John Milner III, after his father and also his grandfather, the late John Milner, formerly a prominent banker here. Mrs. Milner will be remembered as Miss Winnifred Llewellyn. The little son is the second child of the family. Miss Gwendolyn Milner, his sister being nearly four years old.

Honoring Mrs. John Percival Jones and Mrs. Julia W. Henshaw, Mrs. Stephen S. Raymond entertained Saturday with a prettily appointed luncheon at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Places were arranged for the guests of honor, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Henshaw; Mrs. Mar-

Men's Noveltie Neckwear and Shirts



We are just as anxious to please the men folks as the women. Choose just as carefully, endeavor to show the newest and the best in every line. Let us show how well we have succeeded!

This week we are showing some unusually smart and snappy styles in men's shirts and neckwear—fabrics and color schemes with the 5th Avenue hall mark. And with all their newness and exclusiveness of style, prices are adjusted to meet any and all demands.

Particular attention is called to new showing of Men's Ratine Shirts—large plaids in a variety of smart color combinations, decided novelties. Men's Silk Shirts in an endless array of satin stripes of various colors. And the new Washable Silk Ties in soft delicate colors with a stripe down the center tastefully embroidered in little Dresden designs. Smartly correct every one.

Men's Shop—First Floor

J. W. Robinson Co.
Seventh and Grand

Is Your Baby Gaining in Weight?

As long as your baby gains he is well—but when he stops gaining, find where the trouble lies. Nine times out of ten you will find it is in his food.

Eagle Brand
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

is easily digested and highly nutritious. Babies like it and delicate stomachs retain it without difficulty.

Flowers For All Occasions

Bouquets—large or small. Special designs in wreaths. Free delivery—quick service. Orders taken for and from any point.

Broadway Florist
414½ South Broadway

The Thoughtful Man - RETIRES

from business after many years of successful activity. — he will now begin to realize on all the economy and hard work of the past.

Hellman Bank is selected to act as his agent—to invest his money—to manage his real and personal property—to pay taxes and collect notes, rents, coupons, dividends,—in fact he surrenders all his responsibility to the bank—knowing the close watch kept on financial conditions, the sound judgment, and ability—combined with the RESOURCES of Hellman Bank will fully protect his interests.

Hellman Bank
COMMERCIAL TRUST AND SAVING
—SIXTH AND MAIN—
BRANCHES: TENTH AND HILL, THIRD AND SPRING, 24TH AND HOOPER

OPEN ALL NIGHT AND DAY

guerite Ham, Mrs. James Kavanaugh, Mrs. Seymour Thomas, Mrs. M. B. Salisbury, Mrs. Bruscher, Madame Enrique de Morelos of Hungary and the hostess.

One of the most brilliant affairs planned for the post-Lenten season is the large tea for which invitations have been issued by Mrs. James Rathwell Page. The affair will be given Tuesday, May 2, at the 'hostess' new home in Windsor Square. Guests will be received between the hours of four and six o'clock.

Mrs. James P. Moore, who makes her home with Dr. and Mrs. Norman Bridge was the guest of honor recently at a daintily appointed luncheon given by Mrs. Walter Lindley at her home, 2007 South Figueroa street. Places were arranged for twelve. Mrs. Moore is planning to leave soon for an eastern trip.

Mrs. John Fillmore Francis has issued invitations for a luncheon to be given Saturday, April 29, at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach. A stop will be made by the guests at Mrs. Francis' old home at Dominguez, where tea will be served.

PURE WATER—HEALTH

The Reason
you should drink

PURITAS
DISTILLED WATER

is simply this---

Good health demands
pure Water

Los Angeles Ice and Cold Storage Co.
Home 10053—Phones—Main 8191
Pasadena Branch Fair Oaks 947

ART and ARTISTS

Week April 24 to April 31

Main Gallery Exposition Park—Exhibition by Philadelphia Water Color Club.

Kanst Art Gallery—Anna S. Hills' canvases.

Friday Morning Clubhouse—Canvases by members of California Art Club.

Old Throop Institute, Pasadena—Frank Brangwyn's etchings.

Elizabeth Battey Gallery, Pasadena—Orrin A. White's canvases.

MISS Anna S. Hills' exhibition of thirty odd canvases will continue at the Kanst Gallery until April 29. Miss Hills art stems from one of the early and conservative schools. She attributes her ideals to and gains her inspiration from the Barbizon school of painting. As the charm of the work of these early masters is felt by painter and layman alike so will this exhibit win the favor and appreciation of the visitor. This artist is no novice with the brush nor her medium. Beginning her art studies at Cooper Institute, N. Y., she continued with Julien in Paris then two years at Cornwall, England, she left these art centers in order to gain a fresh viewpoint and lived in the mining camps in Arizona and painted the desert.

Desert scenes in Arizona, Banning and Palm Springs form the majority of the subjects. A few memories of Holland are part of the contribution and local scenes, to-wit, our canyons, beach scenes, a few seascapes from Laguna Beach, with two sketches from the San Francisco exposition, small but possessing the merits of freshness, complete the showing. The unique forms of the eucalyptus trees proved a study of much interest to Miss Hills and these she gives us at different times of day. "Noon-day at Eagle Rock" shows misty hills, sunburnt meadows and warmth in the sky, all suggesting the heat of high noon, while the same subject in the cool neutral grey tones contains the quiet mystery of evening.

"Lupins on the Desert" has charm of color and breadth of handling. "Eucalyptus Trees" is delightfully spontaneous. In "After the Storm" a lovely sky full of soft, luminous clouds is a fine feature. A stretch of level sand lies shadowed in the foreground, a strip of dark blue ocean marks the middle distance. "The Restless Sea" contains the pure, vital color and rugged rocks of Laguna Beach, and a sky full of warm mist. "Evening, Laguna Beach," is executed with much freedom. "November in the Canyon" shows fine old sycamores in autumn foliage of yellow and brown against a sky in deep blue across which drift thin, misty clouds. Typical of the desert is the sky in "Evening on the Desert" in its green and yellow coloring. "Winter in Arizona" shows the succulent greens in the rainy season. Glowing glorious clouds fill the sky. "Pepper Trees, Banning," is most attractive. The feathery foliage of the trees is well rendered, as is the old road and the snow-capped mountain in the distance.

Beginning April 17 and continuing until April 29, there will be an exhibition of canvases by Orrin A. White at the Elizabeth Battey Gallery, Pasadena. At the conclusion of this exhibit, canvases by Miss Nelbert Murphy will be shown for the following two weeks.

GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

TEN years after. It is curious that there are still a large number of San Franciscans who prefer not to be reminded of the great disaster of 1906, however proud they may be of the incomparable history written in the rapid and noble rebuilding of the city. But this year, for the first time, the anniversary has been celebrated without restraint, and the "Tenth Birthday of the New San Francisco" was the inspiration for general rejoicing at the Exposition Auditorium, Tuesday night.

Of San Francisco's present prosperity there is abundant and indisputable evidence. Customs house figures show that the exports of last month were a third bigger than a year ago and twice those of March, 1914. Imports were double those of last year and nearly three times those of two years ago. The trade of this port in the single month exceeded \$9,000,000 in exports and more than \$15,000,000 in imports. The total exports last year were nearly double those of the year before the great disaster. And a similar tale of most substantial progress is to be gleaned from that other undeniable source of evidence—bank clearings. The sum total last year amounted to more than two and a half billions, more than twice as much business as thirteen years ago. In bank clearings San Francisco now ranks seventh in the cities of the nation.

Among the events which might well be included in the tenth birthday celebrations was the laying of the cornerstone, last Saturday, of the new public library in the Civic Center. It will be the third of the mag-

Announcements—Stationery

C. WESLEY DENNING CO. Brack Shops Building near Grand. Printing, engraving, social and business stationery, wedding invitations, announcements. Phones F 6435 and Main 2783.

Bathing Suits

CLINE, CLINE CO., 214 W. Third St. For the outdoor girl, exclusive designs in bathing suits. Pleasing effects in stripes, checks, etc. Moderately priced considering style and quality.

Birds and Pets

BREEDERS' EXCHANGE, Inc., 331 S. Hill. Pets of all varieties. Dog, cat and bird remedies. Veterinarian in attendance.

China Painting

MRS. E. L. HUBBERT—L. E. RUPERT, Brack Shops. China. water color, tapestry.

Corsets

MRS. M. A. KENNEDY, 236 Byrne Bldg. Male to order corsets, unbreakable stays.

LA MARQUE, 1020 Haas Bldg. Custom corsets built to the figure. Lingerie.

NUBONE CORSET SHOP, 222 W. 9th. The latest models in front and back lace corsets. Notaseme silk hosiery and Hall's Jersey Silk Underwear.

EMMA E. GOODWIN Corset, Brack Shops. For health, comfort, style. Moderate price.

Electrical Fixtures

FORVE-PETTEBONE CO., 514 S. Broadway. Main 937; Home F 3037.

Embroidery and Buttons

STAR PLAITING & BUTTON CO., 651 S. Hill. Plaiting, hemstitching, buttons.

QUIBERSON EMBROIDERY CO., Brack Shops. Hemstitching, embroidery.

Engraving—Picture Framing

DUNCAN VAIL CO., 730 S. Hill. We carry a large line of exclusive styles. A high standard of excellence maintained.

Florists

ALEXANDRIA FLORIST, 602 Title Guarantee Bldg. Exclusive designs. Bouquets.

Gowns

HARIOT ROSE, Brack Shops. Gowns and fancy coats made with style to please.

VAN COURT COAT SHOP, Brack Shops. Van Court auto coat, evening coats, gowns.

Hairdressing

TRES JOLIE SHOP, Hairdressing Specials. Franco American Toilet Articles. 1105 W. 9.

ROSEMARY BEAUTY SHOP, Prem. H. Brack Shop. Facial treatment specialists.

Interior Decorators

ALLEN-HARBESON CO., Brack Shops consulting decorators and interior furnishers.

Japanese Goods

NEW YAMATO, 635-637 South Broadway. Chinese and Japanese art goods. Lacquer, china, brass and toys.

Knitted Apparel

THE GUENTHER KNITTING CO., 905 S. BROADWAY. FROM KNITTER TO WEARER. SMART FRENCH KNIT JERSEY SPORT SUITS, COATS AND BATHING SUITS, IN CHECK, STRIPED OR PLAIN EFFECTS. EXCLUSIVE MAKE.

Ladies' Shoes

MAGNES BROS. BRACK SHOPS. Ladies' shoes exclusively—from \$3.50 to \$6.00.

Lucile's Shop Talk



Courtesy New Yamato

It is a real pleasure to have your shoes fitted, and a real pleasure to find that they do fit. I think the most "restful" shoe shop in the city is located on Promenade C, Brack Shops, furnished in rattan furniture it presents an inviting interior.

When passing a Japanese store on Broadway near Seventh I saw in the window smart panamas trimmed with Japanese ribbons cut to give an ornamental effect. This ribbon is on sale in the shop and is really an unique and smart method of giving your panama the necessary dash.

One of the well known Paris toilet requisite companies has opened a branch in the Brack Shop. Promenade E. A person is fortunate in being able to obtain this well known brand in war times.

You will find a large selection of your favorites in a book shop in Mercantile Place that has one of the most complete fiction libraries in the city. This library includes the Ward Loan Library, established 1892, and the Late Fiction Library, established 1900, a wonderful collection for the book lover.

Birds, dogs, cats, in fact, everything in the "pet line" to delight the heart of the youngster as well as the grown-up. It is a real treat to go into a shop on Hill, near Third and see the best in bird and animal land. This firm also keeps a stock of supplies where you can purchase everything from a large cage to bird seed for the cuckoo clock.

All women who are interested in "better looks" are invited to attend an interesting lecture to be given by the "Colonial Dame" chemist and lecturer of San Francisco, Thursday, April 27 at 2:30 p. m., Hollywood Hotel. No admission will be charged.

The utmost of millinery value for the money—hats to order and built to suit each individual. The fame of exclusive millinery designs soon spreads as every person adores chic hats and usually purchases at the "same" place. The next time try the shop on Promenade H, Brack Shops, and I know you will be satisfied.

Ladies' Tailor

GORDON THE TAILOR, 820 Haas Bldg., will make a suit for \$30—Bring this ad.

A. FRIEDMAN, 520 S. Broadway. Style quality, with low prices keep us busy.

J. KORN, 813 S. Hill. Distinctive Clothes for particular women. Prices moderate.

WHITE'S LADIES' TAILORING CO., Brack Shops. Exclusive designs for exclusive folk.

Leather Goods

EDWARD KORNGUT, Room 221, 520 S. Bldway. Manufacturer of fine leather goods. Expert repairing ladies' hand bags, etc.

Libraries

BOOK LOVERS' EXCHANGE Circulating Library, 314 Laughlin Bldg. Fiction, drama.

BOOKLOVERS' LIBRARY, 222 Mercantile Pl. All the late books less than 2c per day.

Linens

EMBROIDERY AND LINEN SHOP, 751 S. Broad. Fine linens, lace goods. Trousseau.

Millinery

BONTIES & ROTH, 228 Mercantile Place. Hats that please. Remodeling a specialty.

DAVIS & CO., 751 S. Broadway. Second Floor. Exclusive designs. From Paris.

BERLIN MILLINERY PARLORS, 356 B'y. Expert hat remodeling. Charges moderate.

MISS EBERSOLE, Brack Shops. Individual millinery to order. Distinctive designs.

Needlecraft

YE HAND-MADE SHOPPE, Promenade "E" Brack Shops. Caps, collars, lingerie.

Party Favors

DECORATIVE NOVELTY CO., 739 S.B'way, 2nd Floor. Cotillion, party favors, etc.

Panamas

A-1 HAT WORKS, 224 Mercantile Place. Panamas cleaned and blocked without acid. Ladies' panamas and straws our specialty.

UNION HAT WORKS, 420 W. 8th St. Panamas cleaned, blocked, retrimmed. M 2797.

Pictures and Picture Framing

FULD'S ART SHOP, 752 S. Hill. Pictures, candlesticks, novelties, etc.

Portrait Painting

ROEHRIG STUDIO, 424 S. Broadway. Your photo taken, colored in oil with frame, \$2.98. Painting only, \$1.50.

JOHNSON, PHOTOGRAPHER, Brack Shops, 7th and Grand. F3236—Main 5119.

Scenarios

M. M. DALY—Manuscripts, Scenarios, Short Stories, Articles, Books and Plays in Manuscript to market. Manuscripts revised, criticised and typewritten. Nine years in Los Angeles. Have you Song Poems or Musical Dictation? Moving Picture Directors Attention! Only first class scenarios for sale. Send in your order. 625 Majestic Theater Bldg. Office Hours 10:30 to 4.

Sports Apparel

THE BROADWAY DEPARTMENT STORE specializes in modish sports apparel, suits, coats, blouses and skirts. Visit the Sports Section, Third Floor.

Toilet Requisites

COLONIAL DAMES PREPARATIONS, 530 Chamber of Commerce Bldg. Absolutely pure: Cal. lemons, pure honey and nut oils.

FLEUR D'ALMOND CO. of Paris, Brack Shops. Famous toilet requisites.

Upholstering

R. F. HANSEN, 1007 S. Figueroa. Upholstering furniture and interior finishing.

nificent structures to grace the new heart of the city, and like the city hall and the auditorium will be of granite. The building itself will cost \$1,153,000. It is hoped that the new library will be completed within a year. Mayor Rolph, indeed, was in optimistic mood at the cornerstone laying ceremonies, declaring that he expected to see within the next three years two more buildings added to the Civic Center, the state building planned for the north side of the plaza and "a building owned by the people" to take the place of the opera house frustrated by the mayor's much criticized veto.

This week's campaign should decide the fate of the Palace of Fine Arts, although no one dares to contemplate aught but its preservation. Mayor Sebastian's letter and contribution were a welcome sign of the interest and good will of Los Angeles. Nearly half of the requisite sum is already subscribed, and a big hole in the remaining \$15,000 is to be made this week by a house-to-house canvass for dollar contributions. Each dollar contributor will be the proud possessor of a card entitling him to membership in the "Friends of Art." The students' ball to be given in the California Building April 29 will, it is hoped, prove to be a celebration of the successful issue of the preservation scheme.

Governor Johnson's reply to the Bulla letter has sharpened the wits and the weapons of the Regular Republicans. They claim that Mr. Johnson has now supplied them with exactly the ammunition they were waiting for. All they wanted was the governor's endorsement of the United Republican ticket, and are more than ready to decide the primary with Johnson

as the significant issue. The fact that Governor Johnson confesses himself as registered among the now dwindling Progressives only emphasizes his enthusiasm for the cause of the United Republicans for whom he wishes "overwhelming success." It is now certain that the results of next month's contest at the polls will conclusively demonstrate Johnson's personal strength or weakness in the Republican party of his own state.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of Governor Johnson's letter, Gavin McNab, the Democratic war-horse, found an opportunity for a display of his rarely caustic irony in an attack upon the administration. It came in the filing of a brief in the supreme court, in which he attacked Judge Howard Peairs as a political tool of the governor. The brief bristles with biting satire. "The governor," wrote McNab, "has several times stated that political wickedness has seen its last days in California, that the pure in thought, represented by himself, constituted an insurance policy of virtuous intentions. This competent testimony has been corroborated by that large and steadily increasing portion of our population which has found lodgment in the state treasury; so, all evidence to the contrary must yield to this volume of proof. We must believe, therefore, that whatever these good men did was done for our good as well as for their own. However, this combination of facts, all pointing one way, has forever destroyed our faith in circumstantial evidence." It is not often that the tedious routine of the justices of the supreme court is relieved by the receipt of so lively a document.

R. H. C.
San Francisco, April 19.

Books

"IN 1576 James Burbage leased a plot of land to the north of London, just outside Bishopsgate, and built there a wooden building which he called 'The Theater.'" With this begins the permanency, recorded growth and increasing popularity of the English drama, of which Ashley H. Thorndyke, of Columbia University gives an absorbingly interesting and searching survey in "Shakespeare's Theater." Descendant of the miracle and morality plays of church and guild, and of the crude performances by oftentimes amateur traveling companies in public inns, when every village appeared to have its Holofernes or Bottom, the Burbage amusement house became the direct ancestor of all succeeding English theaters and, after the Restoration following the Puritan period, through Drury Lane and Covent Garden, of the modern theaters of England and America. From this famous house by direct line of descent came our modern traditions and practices of the stage, actors and management.

For more than twenty years The Theater continued in constant use; here Shakespeare acted, here many of his plays were performed and here began his career as a shareholder in the business of Burbage houses, the Globe on the south bank of the Thames succeeding to its estate when, in 1599, the materials in the structure were transferred for the construction of the new house under the same management and with the same company. James Burbage was succeeded in the managerial business by his two sons, Cuthbert and Richard, the latter the first to interpret Shakespeare's leading roles, with eminent ability. In fact, from 1594 to 1612 the Burbage companies as represented at the Globe, Blackfriars', at court and in traveling companies depended almost entirely upon the pen of Shakespeare and maintained the lead with court and common citizen. The medieval London to which Shakespeare came, for the most part, was a mere village, unattractive, of great contrasts but rich in material for creation, which is picturesquely re-created by Prof. Thorndyke,—the wide gulf between the nobility and the common people, the palaces and extravagance of the rich as contrasted with the mean huts and squalid poverty of the poor, the prevalence of vice and yet the openly eager, almost childish, minds of all to what was new.

Chronologically, The Theater, The Curtain, The Rose, The Swan, The Globe, The Hope, The Fortune, The Red Bull, Paul's Singing School, The Tarrant and Burbage Blackfriars', Salisbury Court-Whitefriars' rebuilt, and the Cockpit or Phoenix are passed in brief review. From the chapters devoted to stage arrangement and the methods of presentation and direction it is interesting to note the development of the inner-outer stage arrangement and the growth of the property and scenic effect, the retirement of the players from the platea or common ground to the inner stage and gallery which in the reign of James I under the progressive mind, and travel, of Inigo Jones took shape at the court masque as the first of the picture frame productions. The influences of court and private theaters, of the public amusement house and of the intimacy of the audience and players occasioned by the stage structure, of the boy players, upon both drama and dramatic methods, upon the players and the audiences, form an interrelated story of deepest significance handled with clearness and logical attention to sequence and authenticity. What may be termed the progenitor of the modern censorship stands masked ready to jump out upon the players and their work in the conflict between the civic authorities and the theatrical business. Partly a moral objection in the view of the Puritans, there appears to have been cause for certain regulations. Fear of fire, riot and danger of spread of the plague which yearly decimated the population by thousands were real menaces to be considered. At all times the court favored the profession, the protectors of the noblemen of the earlier days giving way to direct court supervision.

In 1583 civic displeasure having ordered the closing of the theaters Queen Elizabeth herself became the patroness of a chosen company, known as the Queen's Men. With the accession of

James I the power of license lodged in a public official known as an Acting Master under the Lord Chamberlain, which power in the reign of Charles I rested with the crown. The chapters on these respective periods are records of splendor and romance. Contemporary with Shakespeare and Burbage, Marlowe and Edward Alleyn represent a brilliant combination of dramatist and actor which made the Fortune a close rival in popular favor, but Blackfriars' always maintained the lead as a fashionable house among the public places of amusement, and first in its appeal to the fastidious. In the conflict between the rival firms of Burbage and Henslowe-Alleyn a likeness to modern managerial methods is strikingly given, and the Diary and accounts of Henslowe offer much valuable light on theatrical affairs of the day. From these and various records of lawsuits much of the theatrical history has been gathered. Monopoly and sharp practices were not unknown to the actors and managers of that early date.

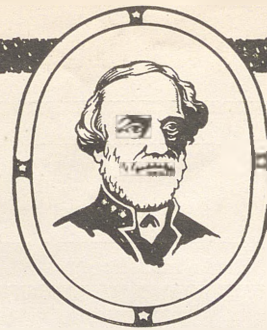
The personnel and organization of the various dramatic companies furnishes, together with chapters on "The Dramatists," "Actors and Acting," and "The Audience," the human interest for many fascinating pictures of the chief factors in a period rich in opportunity for rapid unfoldment never to be equaled again. Extensive bibliographical notes, quotations of stage directions as bearing upon the reconstruction of the period and numerous reproductions of rare old maps and pictures make the book a valuable addition to the student's library, especially, "Shakespeare's Theater." By Ashley H. Thorndyke, Ph. D., L. H. D., Professor of English in Columbia University. The Macmillan Company. Bullock's.)

Master Will of Stratford

Picturing William Shakespeare as a rather precocious lad of twelve years, already exhibiting signs of the fertile fancy and the extraordinary talent for expression that were to make him the famous author and dramatist he became, Louise Ayres Garnett has woven a pretty dramatic fantasy for the children, "Master Will of Stratford, a Midwinter Night's Dream." Master Will, having met Queen Bess and Sir Thomas Lucy while walking through the wood by Charlecote way late one New Year's afternoon, returns home to indulge in a prolonged reading of a gift book. He falls asleep and immediately becomes involved in the plots of the fairies of Titania's and Oberon's court. That same Indian boy who figured in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," is spirited away by Robin Goodfellow and his Pucks, is rescued by Master Will and Neighbor Betsy, is stolen by the tricky Filch at the fair where Sir Thomas acquires the ass's head to the great entertainment of Queen Bess and Titania's undoing, all of which is told in similar style to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." But everything ends well in fairyland and Master Will, stirred by Titania's promise that he "shall dream and make others dream," is roused from his slumbers on the hearthstone, in the morning, by his doting mother. Three acts, a prologue and an epilogue, set in the quaint old Shakespeare kitchen and in the forest of Arden, visualize a dainty fairy story that will introduce the lads and lassies to the Bard of Avon and a few of his characters in fascinating fashion. Songs and instrumental music for the play also may be obtained, and generous tercentenary privileges are extended for 1916, making it a practical contribution to the children's share in the Shakespeare celebration. ("Master Will of Stratford, a Midwinter Night's Dream." By Louise Ayres Garnett. The Macmillan Co. Bullock's.)

Le Ballet Classique Next Week

With an invitational dress rehearsal including orchestral music and all the trappings of a first performance, M. Chalmers Fithian and a student ballet of Wallis School of Dramatic Art Sunday afternoon will complete their strenuous program of several months, preparatory to Monday evening's public production of "Le Ballet Classique." While many pretty fanciful features, such as conceptions interpretive of the Seasons, the Hours, of Life, Death, Peace and War, of national play spirit in Greek Games,



Historical Wills No. 3

Robt. E. Lee

In willing his entire estate to his wife, he wrote: "I particularly request that my second daughter, Anne Carter, who from an accident she has received in one of her eyes, may be more in want of aid than the rest, may if necessary, be particularly provided for."

The satisfactory way to handle such matters is to consult our Trust Department in making your will and to appoint this institution your executor and trustee. Sickness, death or temptation often complicate trusts when individuals are named.

**LOS ANGELES TRUST
AND SAVINGS BANK**
SIXTH AND SPRING STREETS

Branches:
Second and Spring Streets
Pico Street and Grand Avenue

SAVINGS • COMMERCIAL • TRUST

CHOICE LITERATURE

It has been our good fortune to purchase within a week three libraries, discriminatingly collected. Each library has a distinctive trend, namely English Literature, Philosophy and Art History. Books are in fine condition and moderately priced. Browse without obligation to purchase.

DAWSON'S BOOK SHOP

518 SOUTH HILL STREET

Books Bought. Phone, and auto will call to make cash offer.

F 3250

Main 3859

TO CORONADO BEACH

A few hours' scenic ride by train, steamship or automobile

HOTEL DEL CORONADO American Plan

Golf, Tennis, Motoring, Fishing

Bay and Surf Bathing

JOHN J. HERNAN, Manager, Coronado Beach.

H. F. Norcross, Agent, 334 So. Spring St.

You Can Borrow Money

—on improved City
Real Estate

—on Ranch Property

Your inquiries will receive
prompt and courteous
attention

HIBERNIAN

SAVINGS BANK

Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg.

SPRING AT FOURTH
LOS ANGELES



The Beasts of Tarzan

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

The wonderful ape-man in
more thrilling adventures

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

A. C. McClurg & Co., Pubs.

Spanish, Japanese, Scotch and other dance creations, and of the modern dance will be offered, the ambitious presentation of the evening will be of "Scheherazade," an effort that is attracting many well-known professional folk, including Myrtle Steadman, the DeHavens, William Shakespeare of London, Myrtle Gonzales, Willis and Inglis, Carleton Weatherby, Chester Conklin, Charles Ray and others who will attend. M. Fithian will be assisted by Helen Van Pelt, in the leading feminine role in this feature.

Book Store Worthy of Patronage

Jones' Book Store, one of the oldest establishments of its kind in Los Angeles, is now maintaining two fine stores here. In addition to its original shop

on West First street, it has recently reopened a strictly modern, down-to-date store at 619 South Hill street, in the heart of the fashionable shopping district. Not only does the store carry the extensive line of books for which Jones has always been noted, but it is making a specialty of fine-quality stationery, and the entire second floor is given over to kindergarten supplies, with a line of everything for the youngsters' early school days, including necessities for the famous Montessori kindergarten system.

Mrs. John J. Jenkins of Wilshire boulevard will entertain with a May Day auction bridge luncheon, the affair to be given at the Jonathan Club.

In the World of Amateur Sports

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA has a new golf champion in the person of a young man who first made his appearance in this vicinity two years ago and who only within the last year has been regarded as of even club-team caliber. He is Harold B. Lamb, of Midwick, which club by his victory retains the honor of having the Southern California title even though its chief pride, E. S. Armstrong, Pacific coast champion, was eliminated in the first round of the championship tournament by Bob Cash. Lamb's opponent in the finals was Jack Neville of San Francisco, another young golfer who by his sportsmanlike actions has won many friends in the south. Lamb was the victor in the 36-hole final by 5 up and 4 to play, not so close as the result between the same two players in the Midwick invitation tournament last month, when Lamb was also the winner, by 2 up and 1 to play. Neville in the finals Sunday, at the Los Angeles Country Club, recovered much of his accustomed good form, which had been missing in the earlier rounds of the championship tournament, but still displayed weakness in his longer approach shots. Lamb's play was safe and sane, rather than brilliant, and apparently he labored under no nervousness. His brassie shots were particularly clean. Lamb finished three up on Neville in the forenoon round and was able to increase his advantage before the large gallery of almost national championship size which followed the final round in the afternoon.

Interclubs on the Links

Three interclub golf team matches are to be played today. Annandale will meet Los Angeles Country Club on the latter's course at Beverly Hills. At Midwick the team of that club will entertain and endeavor to defeat the Orange County Country Club aggregation. Virginia will play at San Gabriel. In the standings of the clubs Altadena continues to have a good lead in the handicap list, while Midwick is still holding down first place in scratch, with Los Angeles a close second. Following is the percentage table:

table:						SCRATCH					
Clubs—			W. L.	Pct.		Clubs—			W. L.	Pct.	
Midwick			13	12	923	Victoria			13	5	385
Los Angeles			14	12	857	S. Gabriel			11	4	364
Ann'dale			10	6	600	Pt. Loma			9	3	333
Altadena			11	5	455	Coronado			9	4	333
Redlands			14	6	429	Orange			14	3	214
Virginia			10	4	400						
HANDICAP											
Clubs—			W. L.	Pct.		Clubs—			W. L.	Pct.	
Altadena			11	8	727	Los Angeles			14	7	500
Victoria			13	8	615	Redlands			14	5	385
Ann'dale			10	6	600	Pt. Loma			9	3	333
Virginia			10	6	600	Coronado			9	3	333
Midwick			13	7	588	Orange			14	4	285
S. Gabriel			11	6	545						

Victors in Ojai Tournament

What officials of the club called the most successful Ojai Valley Tennis Tournament in the twenty year history of the event, closed last Saturday evening. Many of the stars of the tennis world were present. Winners in the various events were: interscholastic singles, Winne, Manual Arts, Los Angeles; interscholastic doubles, Winne and Snodgrass, Manual Arts, Los Angeles; intercollegiate singles, Hahn, Stanford; intercollegiate doubles, (women), Jessie

Grieve, U. S. C.; intercollegiate doubles (women), Jessie Grieve and Frances Beveridge, U. S. C.; men's open singles, Rogers; men's open doubles, Warren and McCormick; mixed doubles, Mrs. Bruce and McCormick.

Polo Continues at Midwick

Completion of all the big winter polo tournaments in Southern California has made little difference in interest in this sport at Midwick, where the Wednesday and Saturday games continue.

Plays and Players

(Continued from Page 9.)

of the crimson shroud for the sea kings has been modernized with a pleasing display of good taste.

"Civilization" in Second Week

"Civilization," the Thomas H. Ince multiple reel photoplay spectacle, will begin its second big week at the Majestic Theater with the Monday matinee. Sunday performances were decided upon only after Rev. J. Whitcomb Brounger and other clergymen declared "Civilization" a great peace sermon that could well be presented on the Sabbath. This photoplay is an allegorical story of war. It does not concern itself as to which side is in the right or wrong but deals with those ranks which are paying the grim penalty—the ranks of humanity. The introduction of the Nazarene is reverently accomplished. The prologue of "Civilization" is an artistic pantomime presented by forty actors who appear in person. Victor L. Schertzinger's beautiful music adds not a little to the grandeur of the production and the singing by a large chorus of women is a fitting feature.

"The Golden Chance" at Superba

Beautiful Cleo Ridgley, who recently established herself as one of the most brilliant actresses of the screen by her wonderful performance as the wife in the Lasky production, "The Golden Chance," will be seen as a bold, bad bandit at the Superba Theater next week, in "The Love Mask," which was written especially for her and her co-star, Wallace Reid, by Cecil B. DeMille, director general of the Lasky company, and Jeanie MacPherson, author of "The Golden Chance." Dressed in true western bandit style the fair actress drops from an overhanging limb to the top of a stage and holds up the passengers. Miss Ridgley and Mr. Reid are supported by a cast of high excellence, while the photographic work in "The Love Mask" is extremely fine.

"Heart of Paula" at Woodley's

Lenore Ulrich, who is a great local favorite both on stage and screen, is to be the attraction at the Woodley Theater next week in "The Heart of Paula," a photodrama said to be particularly adapted to her talents. In it Miss Ulrich has one of the exotic roles she so enjoys, that of a fascinating Mexican girl, who falls in love with a young American, thinks she has been betrayed when this young man's sister comes south to rescue him from a bandit and

there the slightest hint that Ferdinand wants the young woman. "Complete your submarine and you shall be rewarded with the hand of the princess" is the message on the screen. It is too sudden, too irrelevant. There should be a short scene prior to this interview in which the love affair is developed and, possibly, the objection of the ruling power to the match disclosed. As it is the young woman seems to be handed out to the count like cake at a tea-party—unsolicited.

Another gaucherie is the conversation between Ferdinand and the Christus, following the apparent killing of the inventor by a bomb. He goes to that border land between life and death and in a vision mingles with the spirits of the lost, whom he has sent to perdition. It is a striking scene and, apparently, is a deft reproduction of one of the famous allegorical canvases of the mystic poet-painter William Blake, to whom credit is due. In the midst of the writhing shades moves the figure of the Christ. Impressed by the horrors he has wrought Ferdinand appeals to the benign spirit for compassion and is promised forgiveness if he will consent to let the Christus occupy his clay tenement lying on the sick bed in the king's castle. It is crude dramaturgy. Spiritual obsession of the body should be denoted in subtler form. There is nothing left to the imagination; in fact, the imagination is retarded by so banal a bargain. The lesson of the spiritual transformation is utterly dissipated by reason of this inept conveyance. It is unfortunate that the restored Ferdinand—the Christus incarnate—is shown haranguing the mob, scowling fearfully and otherwise portraying anything but a superman. Always, the attempt to visualize divinity on the stage is a delicate task. But having essayed it the Christ so limned should be of commanding presence; instead, the Christus of

POWERFUL SATIRE IN PHOTOPLAY

"**CIVILIZATION**" is the satirical title of a pretentious motion-picture play that is attracting crowded houses at the Majestic, its initial performance occurring Monday night. It is the ambitious production of Thomas H. Ince, the scenario by C. Gardner Sullivan. Allegorical in treatment "Civilization" is an appeal for peace through the visualization of the horrors of war and up to a certain point the cinema spectacle has gripping tendencies. A prologue presenting flesh-and-blood villagers in courtship and at play, reaches an abrupt conclusion with the savage shriek of shrapnel hurtling through the air, dealing death and devastation. The contrast is necessarily startling and sensational. Follows the run of the reels, showing the ruinous cost of a king's ambition, which, leading the country into war, causes untold sacrifices of human lives and the physical immolation of cities and villages, with all its terrible accompaniments.

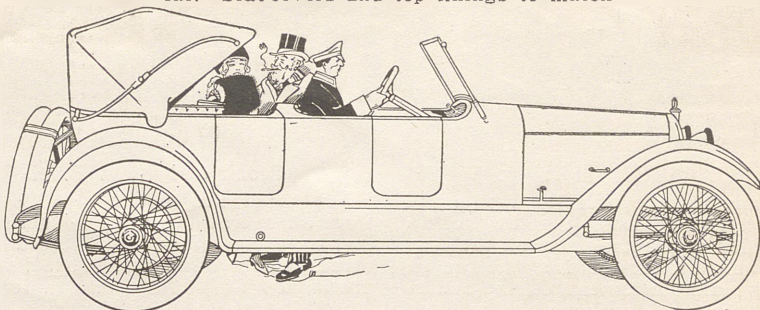
In its pictorial effects the production is an eminent success, the vivid scenes depicted conveying with fearful intensity the futility of war and the insolence of sovereignty, that by a penstroke can transform the kingdom from idyllic peacefulness into barbarous savagery. All this is shown with great fidelity and extraordinary ingenuity of pictorial art. It is in the minor details, but none the less fundamentals of scenario building that "Civilization" is disappointing. Count Ferdinand is an inventor; the insidious death-dealing submarine is his child. Upon this weapon the king depends to strike terror into the breasts of the foe. That the young officer is of the nobility is not discovered to the audience in time to assure the spectators that it will not be a mesalliance if the king's daughter, Princess Eugenie, and the inventor are mated. Nor is

GEO. R.
BENTEL
COMPANY

You Will Be Interested

In Our Quotations for Your Automobile Needs

Victoria and One-man Tops designed and built for any make of car. Seat covers and top linings to match



TOPS RECOVERED PAINTING REPAIRING

Damaged bodies repaired and made to look like new

GEO. R. BENTEL COMPANY

1036 SOUTH GRAND AVENUE

GEO. R.
BENTEL
COMPANY

GEO. R.
BENTEL
COMPANY

GEO. R.
BENTEL
COMPANY

exposes a plot she herself had made for his release. Then, learning her white-skinned lover really is true to her, she offers herself to the bandit in exchange for the American's release but when she returns to pay Fate saves her. Miss Ulrich is given excellent support by Valma Lefler, Jack Livingstone, Forrest Stanley, Howard Davies, Herbert Standring and others.

Charming Alice Brady at Tally's

Next week Tally's Broadway Theater will offer a picturization of Larry Evans' novel "Then I'll Come Back to You," which created a sensation when it was published serially in a leading magazine several months ago. Charming Alice Brady will be featured in this production, which is said to be fully up to the high standard set by Tally's.

"The Cheat" at Quinn's Empress

Possibly, no picture ever put out by the Lasky company has attracted so much attention as "The Cheat," in which Fannie Ward is featured. This popular photoplay, with its strong dramatic plot, is to be held over at Quinn's Empress Theater for a second week, opening next Monday. This newest recruit to the list of local motion picture houses, has been meeting with flattering success since its recent reopening under the capable direction of J. A. Quinn.

"Man of Sorrow" at Miller's

William Farnum will be seen at Miller's Theater for one week, beginning Monday, in "A Man of Sorrow," a Fox photoplay of strong situations, based on the stage triumph, "Hoodman Blind." Farnum appears in the role of Jack Hewlitt, a character that furnishes unlimited opportunities for this popular star. Dorothy Bernard, Willard Louis and Mary Ruby are among the well known players who support Farnum. The second of the "Mutt and Jeff" cartoon comedies by Bud Fisher, entitled "The Submarine," will be shown and the Hearst Vitagraph News will complete the program.

The Fallacy of Paraffine base: Eastern oil manufacturers have long extolled the superior virtues of paraffine-base motor oils. But Pacific Coast motorists have proved that Zerolene, made from selected California crude, asphalt-base, gave best results. Their experience is now supported by the testimony of international experts. Lieut. Bryan stated before the Am. Soc. of Naval Engineers: "Oils made from the asphalt-base crudes have shown themselves better adapted to motor cylinders, as far as their carbon-forming proclivities are concerned, than are paraffine-base Pennsylvania oils." Zerolene received highest competitive awards, San Francisco and San Diego Expositions. Dealers everywhere and at service stations and agencies of the Standard Oil Company.

ZEROLENE
the Standard Oil for Motor Cars

George Fisher is apologetic and rather inconsequential. One grammatical break is painful, where the screen in large black type tells "of he who hath returned." Because "he" is in quotations does not absolve the verbal transgression.

Another point: The king's contrition is gained by the Christus leading him over battlefields and ruined cities until he comes to a realizing sense of his infamy. This is tiresome to the spectator because he is obliged to traverse ground already amply covered; he is, in fact, glutted with such scenes. If the erring monarch had been shown the bereft firesides, the orphans, the widows, the motherless, there would be novelty, at least, for the audience. If the present idea is retained then the reel should be run so rapidly as to avoid tiring the sensory nerves; the audience yawns dangerously at this point. Finally, the signing of the pact of peace presented by the enemy is trivial as a climax. If the intention is to show remorse on the part of the reformed king then from him should emanate the peace terms and greater stress should be laid upon their promulgation, thereby enforcing with greater effect the lessons of the devastating war.

These objections may be regarded by the management as hypercriticisms, but to me they are of vital account if unqualified success is to be attained. In a pretentious film of this nature it is essential so to unify the whole production that all crudities of a fundamental character are eliminated. There is a great future for the motion picture if the psychical possibilities of a play are subtly considered and given expression, but if it is to be all gross materialism, with imagination relegated to obscurity and the nuances of composition disregarded then the photoplay is bound to come a cropper.

S. T. C.

Stocks & Bonds

INCORPORATION of a \$10,000,000 company to take over the Home and Sunset systems of Los Angeles was a factor which made itself felt on the Los Angeles stock exchange this week, even before the announcement of the incorporation was made. Home stocks, both preferred and common advanced rapidly, particularly the latter. It is a generally credited report that when the merger is effected these two stocks will be taken in on the same basis of exchange, except that the preferred will be assured a five per cent dividend per annum before any common stock dividend is paid. On this basis it is anticipated that the Home stocks will more closely approximate equal quotations before the merger is consummated. At this writing preferred is standing at \$75 and common at \$45, an advance of, approximately, 15 points on the preferred and 22 points on the common since the merger of the phone systems became a certain enough fact for speculators to begin discounting it on the market.

Los Angeles Investment is another local stock which is displaying a healthier tone. After repulsing a selling raid last week, the stock has made considerable advances this week and at present is in good demand at 78 cents. The refinancing plans announced by the company have had an excellent effect on this security.

Several Oatman issues have shown a disturbing tendency toward weakness within the last few days. Those particularly affected were Big Jim and Boundary Cone. After hovering around \$2 for several days, Big Jim broke sharply Wednesday and dropped to \$1.80. The decline was generally attributed to a heavy selling element on the San Francisco stock exchange, the effect being quickly felt here and at Oatman. Boundary Cone took a sensational drop of 20 points Tuesday, but recovered 8 or more points the following day. This stock has been a consistent gainer ever since its first listing. Two months ago it was selling at 30 cents and had reached 71 cents before the decline. Profit taking is popularly accepted as the reason for the weakness. Several new Oatman stocks, especially Iowa and Hi Henry, were well received by the market upon their first calls and hold up well in selling orders and prices. Tom Reed was soft in tone.

Heavier sales of oils were recorded toward the middle of the week, the turnover in Union totaling a considerable sum. It is now selling at \$75 and Producers' Transportation has changed hands at \$80. Other oil stocks continue to maintain practically unchanged quotations. Bank stocks were quiet. In the bond list quotations continued strong, with trading practically confined to Home Telephone first mortgage 5s, Los Angeles Railway bonds and Pacific Light and Power issues.

Banks and Bankers

One of the most meritorious of all the plans operated by banks for the benefit of employees is the Employees' Benefit Association of the German-American Trust and Savings Bank of this city. This association, which has been in operation for more than two years, has in excess of 60 per cent of the bank's employees enrolled as members and has a combined capital of \$25,000 invested in securities that are legal for trust funds. Dividends are declared annually. Any employee of the bank may become a member of the association by depositing \$10 or more in the treasury. The investment of these funds lies with a board of directors elected annually by the members.

Across the second and third stories of the Bradbury building at Third and Broadway, an attractive electric sign has just been installed by the Citizens Trust and Savings Bank, which occupies quarters in the building. The sign calls attention to the night service of this bank, which remains open until 10 p. m.

H. S. McKee, cashier of the National Bank of California of this city, is the author of an important article on "Acceptances" which appears in the current issue of the Coast Banker.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Profits of the Union Oil Company from all operations, after deducting general expenses, taxes and interest, for the three months ending March 31, will approximate \$1,700,000, an increase of \$650,000 over the first quarter of March, 1915. These earnings are equivalent to 20 per cent per annum on Union's capital stock. The net profit, after making provision for estimated depreciation will be, for the March quarter, approximately \$1,115,000, an increase of \$550,000 over the net profit for the corresponding period of last year and equivalent to 13½ per cent per annum on the capital stock.

Today the Victor Talking Machine Company will pay an extra dividend of 25 per cent.

One of the most important recent sales of mining property in the Oatman district is that of the Paragon group and the Glacier group to a syndicate of wealthy men headed by William Wrigley, Jr., the chewing gum manufacturer. These two groups of mines, for which it is reported a high price was paid, are close to the properties of the Iowa Gold Mining Company and in one of the most promising sections of the Oatman field.

GENERAL INSURANCE NEWS

WOMEN will captain two teams of the Los Angeles Life Underwriters' Association in a membership campaign which that organization has just instituted and which is to continue until June 30. The membership of the association has been divided into two forces, one of which is headed by Mrs. Cora B. Fithian and the other by Miss Laura Grim. As the prize in the contest there is a dinner at stake, although the association has something greater than this to work for, since it hopes to obtain enough new members to win, for the third time, the Pacific Coast Life Underwriters' Association membership cup. Competition is strong for this cup, as it has been won twice each by the Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles local associations and a third victory carries with it permanent possession. Through its connection with the Pacific coast association and through it with the National Life Underwriters' Association, the local organization of life insurance men has done much to improve the business in this city and keep it free from all questionable practices. It is hoped by means of this membership campaign to enlist practically every life writer in Los Angeles.

Announcement has been made by the Pacific Mutual as to its stand on the question of military or naval service under its policies. The company has never issued policies to persons engaged in military or naval service. It will, however, grant permits for military or naval service in connection with the Mexican situation for a period of one year, without charge, to holders of policies already in force. No permits will be granted under policies that may hereafter be issued nor will the company accept applications from persons contemplating military or naval service.

That mis-statements made by the policy holder in his application for an accident policy annul the latter, despite the knowledge of the soliciting agent that the statements are wrong at the time the application is taken, is the ruling of the California supreme court in deciding a case appealed from the Los Angeles superior court.

O. H. Beyer, manager of the Los Angeles branch office of the Aetna Casualty for the last year, has resigned to return east. Before coming to Los Angeles Mr. Beyer was a San Francisco casualty man.

At the Home Office Agency of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company a Monday Morning Club has been formed by the field force, for the purpose of holding weekly meetings to discuss different phases of life insurance work and to act as a clearing house for new ideas. Officers of the club have been elected as follows: O. E. Carter, president; Ray A. Murray, first vice-president; Mrs. C. B. Fithian, second vice-president; Frank W. Clark, secretary; F. E. Dudley, assistant-secretary; T. O. Waltrip, treasurer.

Fairchild Gilmore Wilton Co.

394-6-8 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. 7% Street Improvement Bonds For Sale
Exempt from State, County, City and Income Taxes. In buying from us you buy direct from the owner of the bonds.

Paving Contractors

"SAVE TIME & MONEY"
—CONSULT—
O. E. FARISH & CO.
353 S. HILL ST.
M2888-60286
FOR
REAL ESTATE—RENTALS
LOANS & INSURANCE

Blanchard Hall Studio Bldg.

Devoted exclusively to Music, Art and Science. Studios and Halls for all purposes for rent. Largest Studio Building in the West.
For terms and all information apply to F. W. BLANCHARD
233 S. Broadway 232 S. Hill St.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE. (INCLUDING PERSONAL PROPERTY)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the Matter of the Estate of Margaret Asbury, Deceased.

It is ordered by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on the 10th day of May, 1916, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court Room of said Superior Court, Department 2 thereof, in the Court House, in said County of Los Angeles, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the administrator of said estate to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the best interests of said estate, as well as all personal property of said estate.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in The Graphic, a newspaper printed and published in said County of Los Angeles.

JAMES C. RIVES,

Judge of the Superior Court.
Dated April 6th, 1916.
A. B. Shaw, Jr., Administrator, 336 Title Ins. Bldg. 4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 31709

Estate of Louisa E. Johanknecht, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Frederick W. Johaneet Administrator of the Estate of Louisa E. Johanknecht deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the office of John Beardsley and A. B. Shaw Jr., his attorneys, 336 Title Insurance Building, Los Angeles, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Louisa E. Johanknecht deceased in the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Dated March 22, 1916.

FREDERICK W. JOHANEET,
Administrator.

Charles Quitzow, Los Angeles special agent of the Home Fire Insurance Company of New York, is now making his annual visit to the home office of that corporation in New York.

Many special fire insurance agents of Los Angeles are this month making their spring trips over their Arizona territory, in order to avoid the necessity of visiting that state during the warm weather.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Los Angeles

Los Angeles Investment Company forms new corporation to take over land holdings as part of program of refinancing.

Company incorporated for \$10,000,000 to take over Home and Sunset telephone systems.

Nine counties of Southern California represented at flood control convention held here.

Survey of city schools begun by two eastern experts.

California

Ship owners of San Francisco agree to conference with unions regarding wage demands.

Population of California estimated by authorities at nearly 3,000,000.

Santa Monica trustees call new election for vote on purchase of private water plants.

Federal Judge Van Fleet of San Francisco accused of bias by Western Pacific bondholders.

United States

President Wilson tells congress he has sent "practically an ultimatum" to Germany to cease its submarine operations against merchantmen or break off diplomatic relations with this country.

United States punitive expedition into Mexico continues pursuit of Villa.

Cyclone does great damage in Kansas. Reports circulated of death of Villa in Mexico skeptically received in this country.

Foreign

Germans continue attacks before Verdun without achieving notable gains.

Turks again defeated by Russians in Erzerum region.

Rumors of discord in British cabinet.

FIRE AND THEFT

do not worry the prudent housekeeper who before going away for the summer has placed her silverware, wedding presents, heirlooms and other treasures, which money cannot replace, in the Security's storage vault.

The charges for space in our storage vault begin at 50c per month and are according to space occupied.

Expert packers of silverware, etc., and transportation from residence are furnished at reasonable rates.

Phone, write or call upon Mr. Gastlin, Manager of our Safe Deposit Department, for further information.

SECURITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Savings Commercial Trust

Oldest and Largest Savings Bank in the Southwest

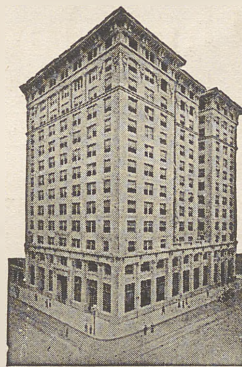
Resources over \$48,000,000

SECURITY BUILDING
Fifth and Spring

EQUITABLE BRANCH
First and Spring

Investment Building

Broadway at Eighth St.



OFFICES FOR RENT Single or en suite

For information in regard to space and rates apply at the office of Building, on main floor.

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT CO.

OWNERS

Main 5647

Home 60127

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE OF PETITION TO MORTGAGE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the Matter of the Estate of Margaret Asbury, Deceased.

It is ordered by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of Margaret Asbury, deceased, do appear before the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, State of California, in Department 2 thereof, on the 10th day of May, 1916, at 10 o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real estate described below should not be mortgaged for the sum of \$1550, as prayed for in the petition of A. B. Shaw, Jr., the administrator of said estate this day filed, or such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet. Reference is made to said petition for further particulars. And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in a newspaper of general circulation published in said County of Los Angeles. Said real estate is described as follows, to-wit: Lot 48 and the north 18 feet of Lot 49, of Block "E" of the McGarry Tract, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, as per map recorded in Book 23, page 69, Miscellaneous Records of said County.

Dated April 6th, 1916.

JAMES C. RIVES,
Judge.

A. B. Shaw, Jr., Admr.,
336 Title Ins. Bldg.

-again
during
1916



San Diego Exposition

—inspiring—beautiful
—gay and colorful
like old Spain

—a bigger and better
exposition for those
who visit it in 1916.



Santa Fe City Offices
334 So. Spring St.
Phone any time day or night
—60941—Main 738—
Santa Fe Station A 5130—
Main 8225



If You Wait Until June

Before going east and intend making a round trip, considerable expense will be saved, as the excursion fares will commence June 1st.

If you go then, or sooner, we would like to suggest that our Los Angeles Limited and Pacific Limited trains, solid, daily to Chicago, afford excellent accommodations for a speedy and comfortable journey. The dining car service is especially good.

Agents in Alexandria Hotel Bldg., Fifth and Spring, will furnish particulars of service over the

**SALT LAKE ROUTE
and UNION PACIFIC**

Don't grab at any moving car. You can't pull it back but it can pull you down and under

Remember
"Safety First"

Los Angeles Railway

THE GREAT PLANET SATURN AND ITS GIANT RINGS

MAY NOW BE SEEN IN ALL ITS BEAUTY
THROUGH THE GREAT TELESCOPE

MT. LOWE OBSERVATORY

TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS
SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, Until April 20th
29½ YEARS UNTIL SEEN AGAIN

SO CLEARLY AS NOW VISIBLE

FREE VIEWS AND LECTURE

ON EVENINGS NAMED UNTIL APRIL 20th. PARTY ARRANGEMENTS FOR OTHER EVENINGS MAY BE MADE ON APPLICATION

DAILY EXCURSION FARE FROM LOS ANGELES TO ALPINE TAVERN and RETURN \$2.00

GO UP During the Day, RETURN via the Observatory at Night
NIGHT RETURN SERVICE ONLY ON DAYS SHOWN ABOVE

TO ECHO MTN. (Observatory) only, on days shown \$1.25
PURCHASE TICKETS FROM AGENT MAIN ST. STATION, LOS ANGELES

FIVE TRAINS DAILY TO MT. LOWE

From Main St. Station, Los Angeles
8, 9, 10 A. M.—1:30 to 4 P. M.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

"GOLDEN STATE LIMITED"

Finest modern equipment—solid train, including diner and observation car, through without change to Kansas City and Chicago.

Through Standard Sleeper to St. Louis.

Every luxury of modern travel.

Lv. Los Angeles 11:45 a. m. Ar. Kansas City 7:15 p. m. Ar. St. Louis, 7:55 a. m. Ar. Chicago 10:15 a. m.

Close connections at St. Louis and Chicago with limited trains east.

The "Californian"

Another fast train for Kansas City and Chicago, with observation sleeper—

Through tourist sleeper for Minneapolis every Tuesday—Daily to Chicago.

Lv. Los Angeles 3 p. m. Ar. Kansas City 10:40 p. m. Ar. Chicago 1:45 p. m.

Close connections for all points in the Middle West and Eastern States.

Oil-burning locomotives—Roadbed rock-ballasted—Protected by automatic electric block signals—Meals at meal time.

**Southern Pacific
El Paso Southwestern
Rock Island**



LOS ANGELES OFFICES

212 West Seventh street
207 Grosse Building

519 South Spring Street

STATION—5th and Central

CLEARING HOUSE BANKS

NAME

OFFICERS

M ERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK S. E. Cor. Sixth and Spring	W. H. HOLLIDAY, President. J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier. Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.
C ITIZENS NATIONAL BANK N. W. Cor. Fifth and Spring.	A. J. WATERS, President. E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus \$500,000; Undivided Profits, \$235,441.61.
H IBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg. Spring and Fourth.	GEORGE CHAFFEY, President. GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier. Capital, \$325,000.00. Surplus and Profits, \$35,250.00.
N ATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHBURN, President. H. S. McKEE, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.
C OMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK 401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth.	W. A. BONYNGE, President. MALCOLM CROWE, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.
F IRST NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits \$20,000,000.
F ARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK Corner Fourth and Main	I. W. HELLMAN, President. V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

For Comfort, Convenience and Economy
There is no Better Fuel Than

"L. A. GAS"

It Gives Complete Satisfaction

Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation

645 SOUTH HILL STREET

Main 8920

Home 10003



Of Supreme Distinction

is the character of the Suits that are here. The fine "difference" of their designs, may even surpass in attractiveness the wide range of suits, coats, dresses, blouses, skirts and other wear, and the values are equally important.

Suits at \$49.50

— Ultra-novelty — semi-novelty — plain tailored sports and semi-sports models — many copies or adaptations from original creations — the fabrics include Poirer twill — gabardines — novelty stripes — three-tone checks — shepherd — roughish — velour and plaided checks. Fine serges — silk poplin and taffeta as well as silk or wool jersey fabrics — the unusual is uppermost in the design and finish of these suits —

All colors are represented, daring brilliant tones as well as the conservative shades — \$49.50.

Suits at \$35.00

Exclusive and conservative models in novelty, semi-novelty, sports and semi-sports styles —

Materials include — fine gabardine — serge — wool poplin — homespun, mannish fabrics and jersey materials, also taffeta in solid colors and bold daring black and white checks — the solid colors come in navy, gray, smoke, rose, tan, buff, Reseda, Kelly green, Russian green, white or black. Many checks are here in two and three tone effects — both the popular black and white as well as the checks in novel tones —

Suits at \$25.00

— Include novelty — semi-novelty — tailored — semi-sports and sports models — solid colors in navy, French blue, Russian green, Kelly green, Reseda green, brown, tan, buff, smoke, gray, rose — also black or white —

There are also mannish stripes and checks — tiny — medium and daring black and white checks — other materials include gabardines — fine serge — silk poplins and taffeta — many different models including the popular belted and half-belted styles.

There is every suit reason why every woman should come to Bullock's for her new suit —

And then there are the Blouses

— Simply splendid affairs o' will o' the wisp — that silk o' the fairies — in beautiful shades such as orient, royal, opal, gold, lilac, Joffre blue, bluet, maize, etc.

— But one can't imagine their "exquisitry" — designs that are superb for Summer wear — and most surprising at \$10.00 and \$12.00.

— Then, the other blouses of Georgette at \$6.75 to \$18.50; and crepe de chine at \$2.95 to \$7.50; and of lingerie at \$1.95 to \$12.50]

— "There is no store quite like Bullock's for blouses" — says Fashion — and who should know so well as Fashion?

— THIRD FLOOR.

Bullock's
Los Angeles